

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury

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## Local Matters

### WILL OF DR. H. N. STORER

The will of the late Dr. Horatio N. Storer was admitted to probate on Monday, the executors being Frank A. Storer, John H. Storer, Malcolm Storer, and Agnes C. Storer, with bonds at \$170,000 without security. There are many public bequests, as well as gifts to close personal friends and members of his family. The residuary legatees are the four children in equal amounts.

Among the public bequests are \$5000 each to the Rosary Home at Hawthorne, N. Y., the Apostolic Mission House of Washington, D. C., and the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America. The sum of \$2500 is left to the Convent of the Cenacle in this city. Gifts of \$1000 each are given to St. Joseph's Convent, the White Sisters, Charity Organization Society, Redwood Library and Newport Historical Society. To the Children's Mission of the Community Center, the Newport County Council of Boy Scouts and to the Girl Scouts is given \$500 each.

Among the personal bequests is one of \$1500 to Rev. Edward A. Higney, and the employees of Dr. Storer are also remembered for various amounts. The sum of \$12,000 is left to the daughter, Miss Agnes C. Storer for certain specific purposes known to her.

The first of the actions instituted by the Newport Chamber of Commerce against local men who had failed to pay their dues to the Chamber after signing applications for membership has been decided by Judge Levy in the district court. The suit was brought against Jacob Posner for three years' dues, but the Court finds that the plaintiff is entitled to recover for one year's dues only, amounting to \$25. The defendant claimed that he could not read English and that he understood that he was signing a contract for only one year.

Mr. Arthur M. Murray, for a number of years manager of the local office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been transferred to Providence, where he will be assistant manager of the important establishment in that city. Mr. Murray has given universal satisfaction during the time that he has been in the Newport office.

Miss Dorothy N. Sanborn, who has been seriously ill at the Memorial Hospital in Pawtucket, has sufficiently recovered to be able to come to Newport, where she will spend a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Everett I. Gorton. Miss Sanborn is a granddaughter of the late Dr. John H. Sanborn.

It is understood that Captain Frank Taylor Evans will be detached from the command of the Naval Training Station here within a few months, and that Captain John D. Wainwright will succeed him. Captain Evans is about due for sea duty.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Spruill, formerly minister of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, is a member of the grand jury in New Jersey that is investigating the Hall-Mills murder mystery.

Rogers High School and East Greenwich Academy have severed athletic relations, and a new contest appears to have developed as to which did it first.

### REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

At a meeting of the representative council on Monday evening, the principal item of business was the consideration of the recommendation of the committee of 25 that application be made to the General Assembly for permission to issue bonds for permanent improvement of Broadway and Bellevue avenue. Although there was some opposition, the motion was finally adopted. There were discussions over various matters, and several times the members were warned that the city was headed toward financial rocks by spending each year more than its income. The attendance of members was about 125, which is a very fair showing for a meeting at which there are no salaried offices to be filled.

The resolution fixing salaries for Mayor and Aldermen for the year was taken up. A motion by Mr. Morgan to reduce the amounts to \$1500 and \$500 respectively was lost and the salaries were then fixed at the same amounts as this year. The request of the Street Commissioner for \$500 extra for the second ward sewage system caused some discussion, and a query by Mr. Cozzens developed the fact that house gutters were being drained into the sewer, which is contrary to the agreements. The appropriation was granted.

A number of transfers of appropriations in the fire department were granted, and several routine resolutions, providing for meeting pay rolls during the time the books are closed, etc., were passed. A committee to consider the advisability of making the one-way street regulations effective throughout the year was authorized. The committee on re-organization of the police department reported progress.

The committee on economy and efficiency presented a comprehensive report, calling attention to the enormous budget of a million and a half dollars annually, which figures down to \$47 on every man, woman and child. Defects in taxation, particularly the high valuation and low tax rate, were pointed out, and a poll tax of five dollars was suggested. The peculiar relation between the city government and the school department was alluded to, and it was hoped that the matter might be straightened out in the courts. The committee called attention to the principle heretofore followed of the city bearing the whole cost of highway improvements instead of having the abutters bear a substantial portion of the expense as is now done in most places.

A recommendation that the city employ an expert at a salary of \$2500 to put the city on a business basis was referred to the committee of 25. The resolution asking the General Assembly for permission to issue \$375,000 in bonds for permanent improvements to the pavements on Broadway and Bellevue avenue caused a long discussion. A motion to lay on the table was lost. Chairman Buckhout explained the proposition very clearly and answered a number of questions. Chairman Thomas B. Congdon read a paper on the condition of Newport's finances, advocating serial bonds in every case, and contending that there was no necessity for going to the Legislature with this proposition. Mayor Mahoney took exception to some of Mr. Congdon's arguments, and made quite an address on the subject of bonds and taxation. Several members spoke in favor of the pavement proposition, and others, including Mr. P. H. Morgan, believed that it was an inopportune time for the city to take up such an expensive matter. The resolution was finally passed.

A resolution authorizing the board of aldermen to provide for the sale of the bonds when issued was laid on the table at the suggestion of the Mayor and Mr. Buckhout, on the ground that nothing would be gained by the passage of such a resolution at this time. There was further discussion of the matter, Dr. Beck inquiring what effect upon the market value of the bonds the action of the council would have. Chairman Congdon thought the bonds would be closely scrutinized by the financial lawyers, and said that a four per cent. bond would not bring par at the present time. Mayor Mahoney thought the matter merely a precautionary measure, whatever upon the bonds, being considered merely a precautionary measure. In response to a question by Mr. Ginnell, the city's borrowing capacity was placed at \$2,450,000.

The council then adjourned, although it appeared that there had been a lack of a quorum for some little time as the members had drifted out.

### DR. CHRISTOPHER F. BARKER

Dr. Christopher Frank Barker, one of the oldest and best known of the practicing physicians of Newport, long prominent in municipal affairs and for many years chairman of the school committee, died at his home on Bull street on Tuesday after a long illness. He suffered a serious illness in 1913, after returning from the centennial celebration of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, and was compelled to give up his practice although he had been able to walk about the city. A few months ago, he was again stricken and since then his condition had been regarded as serious.

Dr. Barker was well known to thousands of the citizens of Newport. He had practiced medicine here for many years, and was a familiar figure in many a household, where he had treated several generations of the residents. He was prominent as an educator and served for many years as chairman of the Public School Committee, an office that brought him into contact with teachers and pupils in all parts of the city. As a member of the representative council, he served with ability and vigor as long as his health permitted, retaining his seat in the council until his death. He was long on the staff of the Newport Hospital, and had served as President of the Newport Medical Society and of the Rhode Island Medical Society. His long connection with the Newport Artillery Company, of which he was Surgeon for many years, had brought him into contact with many of the younger generation. To all of these duties he brought rare ability, coupled with a desire to serve, and was thus able to accomplish a great deal for the varied interests of the community.

Dr. Barker was the son of Robinson P. and Julia A. Barker, and was born in Middletown on October 31, 1849. He was graduated from Brown University in the Class of 1875, received the degree of A. M. three years later. He took up the study of medicine and was graduated from the Medical College of the University of New York in 1882. He immediately began practice in Newport and from the first was very successful as a family physician. He was at different times connected with the Newport Board of Health, and served for several years as president of the board.

He served as a member of the Public School Committee from 1890 until 1917, during the last 21 years of his service being chairman of the board. He was first elected a member of the representative council when the new charter was adopted in 1906 and had been re-elected each time that his three-year term expired. He was a member of the council at the time of his death, but his term would have expired in January next. He had served as president of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was a director of the Aquidneck National Bank. He was a member of the Newport Artillery Company from 1889 until 1914, retiring with the rank of Major. He was a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.

He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Helen E. Peckham of Middletown; one son, Dr. Williston Wright Barker of Dorchester, Mass., and one daughter, Miss Eleanor M. Barker, who is librarian of the Rogers High School.

Mrs. Philip S. Chase, who died at her home in Providence last Saturday, was the mother of Mrs. Duncan A. Hazard of this city. She was born in Newport seventy-three years ago, the daughter of Joseph B. and Abbie D. Weaver. She married Philip S. Chase, who was for many years city auditor of Providence, and who died some ten years ago. Mrs. Chase is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Hazard of this city, and Mrs. George Burdick of Brooklyn, and one son, Mr. Philip S. Chase of Providence.

A suggestion has now been made for a bridge from Saunderson to Jamestown, thus avoiding the use of the West Ferry. Like the proposition for a bridge at Bristol Ferry, the idea is good but somewhat difficult of accomplishment. It costs real money to build big bridges nowadays.

The annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., will be held on Monday evening, December 18. St. John's is the oldest lodge in the state and one of the oldest in America.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Hope Bliss, daughter of Colonel Herbert Bliss, and Mr. Joseph Thompson of this city.

### CITY ELECTION

Next Tuesday will be the time for the city election, and as the date approaches the interest in the campaign increases. With such a multiplicity of candidates for the various offices, the men find that it is necessary to make known their qualifications to the voters. Mayor Mahoney had a meeting planned for Friday evening, out-doors if the weather would permit. Representative Herbert W. Smith expected to follow him on Saturday night, when he would state the issues of the campaign. Mr. Smith has already set forth his platform. Ex-Mayor Boyle may not take the stump at all, as his throat is not in very good condition for campaign speaking.

There is also much activity on the part of other candidates for office, particularly for members of the board of aldermen. The fight for the board is a hot one in each ward, and there will probably be considerable campaigning by the candidates. As each one stands on his own feet in this contest, with no political party to back him, the item of campaign expense is a serious one to many of the men. It is no small matter to hire a hall for a single candidate.

The indications are that the vote for the city election will be practically as large as for the state election last month. A few personal property taxpayers, who had not paid their taxes in time for the state election, have now paid up, and their names have been transferred on the voting lists from the registry to the personal column. This is a matter of importance in the city election, as only property voters can vote for aldermen and councilmen.

Another matter of considerable interest is the campaign of the firemen for the adoption of the two-platoon system. Much publicity is being used by the advocates of this system, and it is expected to attract a number of voters to the polls on election day.

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday was a beautiful day for Thanksgiving, although the weather was rather unseasonably warm. It was very generally observed as a holiday in Newport, although there was very little of a public nature scheduled for the day. There were many family gatherings and sons and daughters returned to their homes in large numbers for the annual festivities. The big feature of the day for the boys was the annual Thanksgiving dinner given by Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt in Masonic Hall, under the charge of the King's Daughters, with Mrs. T. Fred Kaul as chairman of the committee. There were about 350 boys on hand to do justice to all the good things provided. There was plenty of music and Rev. F. W. Coleman gave a brief address on the significance of the day.

The union services in the morning were well attended, various clergymen taking part in the services. In the afternoon there was a reception and musical entertainment at the rooms of the Art Association, which drew a large attendance. The various government stations shut down for the day as far as possible, and special dinners were served to the men.

A warning to coal dealers: A judge in a Boston court ordered a short weight coal dealer to give a ton of coal free to families where he had defrauded them in weight. One place where 92 pounds had been sold for 100 pounds, the dealer had to come forward with a ton gratis or stand prosecution. The ton was forthcoming.

It is rumored that the Van Alen residence on Ochre Point known as "Wakehurst," will be opened next summer after having been closed for several seasons. Mr. James J. Van Alen has lived abroad since the adoption of the prohibition amendment, but it is understood that he intends to spend next summer in this country.

The first snowstorm of the season made its appearance on the night of November 27, which would indicate, according to the old prophecy, that there will be 27 snow storms this winter. There were a few spits of snow a few days previous, but not enough to call a snow storm.

Newport Lodge of Elks will hold its annual memorial service for deceased members in the Newport Opera House on Sunday afternoon. The usual exercises and ritual will be conducted by the officers of the Lodge and there will be special music. A large attendance is expected.

### A LIVELY FIRE

A serious fire of a somewhat uncertain origin broke out in the Thames street district early Thursday forenoon, attracting a large gathering to the neighborhood of Market Square. Fire originating in the barber shop of Edward Hall gutted that portion of the large three-story building and did considerable damage to other parts of the structure. Smoke poured in large volumes from all the doors and windows and it looked as if a large fire might be in progress. The building stands directly in the rear of the Drury grocery and in a very congested neighborhood.

The proprietor had been in his shop and stepped into the restaurant next door in the same building to get breakfast. He had been there but a few minutes when smoke was seen coming through the partitions, and when he rushed back into the shop it was so filled with smoke that he could not gain entrance. Box 31 was sounded and the members of the police force rushed out of the police station just across the square. There was considerable work for the firemen to do, but the flames were extinguished without damage to any other building.

The cause of the fire is uncertain, but it has been ascribed to defective wires.

### SUPERIOR COURT

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday next, with Judge Sumner presiding. There are a number of cases assigned to this session and there are indications that it will be rather busy.

The divorce cases, whose assignment day is the third Monday in November are as follows:

Louis Gedge Smith vs. Evelyn Ellen Smith, Beatrice A. Douglas vs. Henry G. Douglas, Lillian Estelle West vs. Frederick Eugene West, Yvonne Odette Denis Fender vs. Leslie Fender, Ellen N. Gregorades vs. Leonidas Gregorades, William F. Messner vs. Nedella L. Messner, Ethel Winifred West vs. Howard Stanley West, William M. Allen vs. Maysie H. Allen, Adlie B. Macomber vs. Arthur J. L. Macomber, Emily M. Vandiver vs. Powell E. Vandiver, Abbie L. Germaine vs. Joseph H. Germaine.

There are many petitions for naturalization to be heard, although the list is not as long as at some previous sessions.

The first of a series of Assemblies for the benefit of the house furnishing fund of the Wamumetonomy Golf and Country Club will be held in Masonic Hall on Wednesday, December 27. It is planned to hold three of these assemblies during the winter.

### MIDDLETOWN

From our regular correspondent)

An adjourned meeting of the town council was held at the office of the town clerk on the evening of Monday, November 27, all the members being present. It was represented that the private culvert of Anne Louison against her store on Honeyman Hill was obstructed, and that besides, a quantity of material had been deposited by the side of the road further impeding the passage of water through its proper channel. Notice was ordered to be given to the proprietor of the premises complained of, to clear the culvert and remove all obstructions from the gutter at once.

A further canvass of bids received for installing a furnace at the town hall revealed the fact that none could be purchased and set up for the amount appropriated by the town for this purpose. The town appropriated \$250. The cost of installing a satisfactory heater would reach \$350. Peckham Brothers Company presented an account amounting to \$424.51 for applying crushed stone to the north end of Turner's Road, which was allowed and ordered paid. This road forms a part of the state highway system adopted, but not constructed, and the town is entitled to an annual allowance of \$400 from the state, there being four miles of state highways fully constructed within the municipal limits of Middletown.

The following town officers were appointed for one year: Fence Viewers—Elisha A. Peckham, Howard G. Peckham and Percy T. Bailey.

Auctioneers—Edward E. Peckham and Jesse I. Durfee.

Committee in charge of Middletown Cemetery—Charles Peckham, Frank T. Peckham and Robert M. Wetherell.

Town Sealer—Thomas G. Ward. Pound Keeper—Thomas G. Ward. Weighers of Cattle—James R. Chase, Reston S. Peckham. Public Weighers—Joseph F. Murray, Edward J. Peckham and G. Alvin Simmons. Inspector of Petrol in Oil—Thomas G. Ward. Commissioner of Wrecks—Reston S. Peckham.

Chief of Police—James Bloomfield. Police Constables—Fillmore Coggeshall, Alan R. Wheeler, G. Alvin Simmons, John L. Simmons, Jr., Philip Caswell, Jesse I. Durfee, M. Leroy Dennis, Arthur A. Albro, Charles S. Ritchie, and Crawford T. Emerson. Bird Constables—Charles A. Sisson, Daniel A. Peckham, Henry I. Chase, Jr., and Jesse I. Durfee. Trap Constables—Elisha A. Peckham and G. Alvin Simmons. Liquor Constable—Thomas G. Ward. Health Officer—Alan R. Ward. Officer in charge of burial of Veteran Soldiers and Sailors—Charles Peckham. Forest Warden—William H. Sisson. Inspector of Beef and Pork—Lawrence M. Gresson. Coroner—Benjamin W. H. Peckham.

### Special Meeting of Aquidneck Grange

The Aquidneck Grange held a special meeting at the town hall on Monday evening, at which twelve candidates were initiated in the first and second degrees. The meeting was in charge of Worthy Master Russell M. Peckham and substitutes filling the chairs of the regular officers who were absent were Lewis B. Plummer acting as assistant steward, Miss Julia Paquin as lady assistant steward, Miss Cora Smith as Flora, and Mr. Harold Mumford as Gatekeeper. The degree work was followed by dancing, with music furnished by Misses Hope Peckham and Glorina Raynor at the piano.

It was voted to hold another special meeting on December 4 to confer the third and fourth degrees. As the date of the next regular meeting falls on the date of the Annual meeting of the State Grange on December 14, it was voted to change it to December 18, which will be annual election of officers.

Mrs. Anna Congdon is acting as substitute teacher at the Paradise School, as the regular teacher, Miss Janet C. Peckham, is ill at her home.

Thanksgiving services were held on Wednesday evening at the Holy Cross Church. Jams, jellies, fruit and vegetables were donated, and were sent to St. Mary's Orphanage. The Men's Community Club met after the service at the parish house to discuss plans for the coming year. Holy Communion was celebrated at St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock on Thanksgiving Day.

Miss Dorothy Sherman has been ill with a severe cold at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman.

Miss Joanne Allen and her niece, Miss Mabel Chapman of Providence have been guests of Miss Allen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Allen, at their home on Beacon street.

News has been received of the birth of a son to Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Le Foin in New York. Mrs. Le Foin, who had many friends in this town and Portsmouth, was formerly Miss Winifred Dickerson, a nurse at the Newport Hospital.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish met on Monday night with the President, Mrs. Karl G. Anthony.

Mrs. Nathaniel L. Champlin is seriously ill at the home of her son, Mr. Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr., on Forest avenue.

Senator-elect and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham quietly observed the thirty-third anniversary of their marriage on Sunday.

The meeting of the millinery class which was to have been held on Tuesday afternoon, with Home Demonstrator of the Newport County Farm Bureau, Mrs. James E. Knott, Jr., was indefinitely postponed.

Mrs. Harold V. Peckham is spending a few days with relatives in New Bedford, Mass.

Special services were held at the Berkeley Memorial Church on Thanksgiving Day, which were conducted by Rev. James H. S. Fair.

The Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association gave an entertainment and moving picture show at the town hall Friday evening, which was followed by dancing. Music was furnished by the Newport Banjo Band. The proceeds are to be used to purchase a Victrola for the Berkeley School. Part of the purchase price has already been raised.

A meeting was called last week at the Berkeley parish house by Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, Headmaster at St. George's School, for the purpose of organizing a public health committee for the town. A committee was formed with the following officers: Chairman, Mr. Cabot, who will also act as secretary; treasurer, Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren; the other members of the committee being Mrs. Howard S. Graham, Mrs. Howard R. Peckham, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, Mr. William J. Peckham and Mr. James R. Chase, 2d.

The meetings will be held at the Berkeley parish house on the first Thursday in each month. Mrs. Jeanette A. Child, who has sent in her resignation, will serve a short time more, when it is hoped to secure a district nurse to continue the work. If possible it is desired that she live in the town and have an office here.

The children of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches were entertained at St. Mary's Rectory on Tuesday evening at a chicken dinner. About 60 were present. The teachers and officers of the schools acted as waitresses and assisted Mrs. Conover in serving the bountiful repast. Games were played, after which the company proceeded to the church where a short service was held.

The whist and dance which was given recently at the Berkeley parish house by the Berkeley Dramatic Club was well attended.

# The Strength Of The Pines

by  
**Edison Marshall**  
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"  
Illustrations by  
**Irwin Myers**



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## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily to southern Oregon to meet "Linda."

**CHAPTER II.**—Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

**CHAPTER III.**—At his destination, Linda's land, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked displeasure by a man introduced to the reader as "Simon."

**CHAPTER IV.**—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

**CHAPTER V.**—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Linda's cross-roads store, for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross's cabin.

**CHAPTER VI.**—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail."

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Through a country puzzlingly familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

**CHAPTER IX.**—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family, the Rosses. Linda, occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confer the enemy's claims to the property, had been lost.

**CHAPTER X.**—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

**CHAPTER XI.**—A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of his size and ferocity.

**CHAPTER XIV.**—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear, falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, he knowing its whereabouts.

**CHAPTER XV.**—Hudson and Dave visit the former's traps. A wolf, caught in one, is discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feast, the brute strikes dead Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson's traps, wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

## CHAPTER XVI

Dave Turner traveled hard and late, and he reached Simon's door just before sundown of the second day. Bruce was still a full two hours distant. But Dave did not stay to knock. It was chore-time, and he thought he would find Simon in his barn, supervising the feeding and care of the live stock. He had guessed right, and the two men had a moment's talk in the dusky passage behind the stalls.

"I've brought news," Dave said.

Simon made no answer at first. The saddle pony in the stall immediately in front of them, frightened at Dave's unfamiliar figure, had crowded, trembling, against his manger. Simon's red eyes watched him; then he uttered a short oath. He took two strides into the stall and seized the halter rope in his huge, muscular hand. Three times he jerked it with a peculiar, quivering pull, a curbing that might have been ineffective by a man of ordinary strength, but with the incomprehensible might of the great forearm behind it was really terrible punishment. Dave thought for a moment his brother would break the animal's neck; the whites began to show about the soft, dark pupils of his eyes. The strap over the head broke with the fourth pull; then the horse recoiled, plunging and terrified, into the opposite corner of the stall.

Simon leaped with shattering power at the creature's shoulders, his huge arms encircled its neck, his shoulders heaved, and he half-threw it to the floor. Then, as it staggered to rise, his heavy fist flailed against its neck. Again and again he struck, and in the half-darkness of the stable it was a dreadful thing to behold. The man's fury, always quickly aroused, was upon him; his brawny form moved with the agility of a panther. Even Dave, whose shallow eyes were usually wont to feast on cruelty, viewed the scene with some alarm. It wasn't that he was moved by the agony of the horse. But he did remember that horses cost money, and Simon seemed determined to kill the animal before his passion was spent.

The horse cowered, and in a moment more it was hard to remember he was a member of a noble, high-spirited breed—a swift runner, brainy as a dog, a servant faithful and worthy. He stood quiet at last, his head hanging low, knees bent, eyes curiously sorrowful and dark. Simon fastened the broken strap about his neck, gave it one more jerk that almost knocked the animal off his feet, then turned back to Dave. Except for a higher color in his cheeks, darker lights in his eyes, and an almost imperceptible quickening of his breathing, it did not seem as if he had moved.

"You're always bringing news," he said. "If it's as important as some of the other news you've brought don't take my time."

"And how you want him potted— from ambush."

"What do you mean? Out with it!"

urgent now, not insolent as usual. "Good Lord, man, don't you know that if Bruce gets that down to the settlements before the thirtieth of next month we're lost—and nothing in this world can save us? We can't drive him off, like we drove the Rosses. There's too much law down in the valleys. If he's got that paper, there's only one thing to do. Help me saddle a horse."

"Wait a minute. I didn't say he had it. I only said he knew where it was. He's still an hour or two walk from here, toward Little River, and if we have to wait for him on the trail, we've got plenty of time. And of course I ain't quite sure he does know where it is."

Simon smiled mirthlessly. "The news is beginning to sound like the rest of yours."

"Old Hudson is dead," Dave went on. "And don't look at me—I didn't do it. I wish I had, though, first off. For once my judgment was better than yours. The Killer got him."

"Yes. Go on."

"I was with him when it happened. My gun got jammed so I couldn't shoot."

"Where is it now?"

Dave scrambled in vain for a story to explain the loss of his weapon to Bruce, and the one that came out at last didn't do him particular credit. "I—I threw the d—n thing away. Wish I hadn't now, but I made me so mad by jamming—it was a fool trick. Maybe I can go back after it and find it."

Simon smiled again. "Very good so far," he commented.

Dave flushed. "Bruce was there, too—fact is, creased the bear—and the last minute before he died Hudson told him where the agreement was hidden. I couldn't hear all he said—I was too far away—but I heard enough to think that he told Bruce the hiding place."

"And why didn't you get that information away from Bruce with your gun?"

"Didn't I tell you the thing was jammed? If it hadn't been for that, I'd done something more than find out where it is. I'd stopped this nonsense once and for all, and let a hole through that tenderfoot big enough to see through. Then there'd never be any more trouble. It's the thing to do now."

Simon looked at his brother's face with some wonder. More crafty and cunning, Dave was like the coyote in that he didn't yield so quickly to fury as that gray wolf, his brother. But when it did come, it scared him. It had come now. Simon couldn't mistake the fact; he saw it plain in the glowing eyes, the clenched hands, the drawn lips. Dave was remembering the pain of the blow Bruce had given him and the smart of the words that had preceded it.

"You and he must have had a little session down there by the creek," Simon suggested slowly, "when your gun was jammed. Of course, he took the gun. What's the use of trying to lie to me?"

"He did. What could I do?"

"And how you want him potted— from ambush."

"What's the use of waiting? Who'd know?" The two men stood face to face in the quiet and deepening dusk of the barn; and there was growing determination on each face. "Every day our chance is less and less," Dave went on. "With this land behind him, he'd be in a position to pay old debts, I'm telling you. We should have met him on the trail and let the buzzards talk to him."

"Yes," Simon echoed in a strange half-whisper. "Let the buzzards talk to him."

Dave took fresh heart at the sound of that voice. "No one would have ever known it," he went on. "No one would ever know it now. They'd find his bones, some time, maybe, but there'd be no one to point to. They'd never get anything against us. I tell you—it's all the way, or no way at all. Tell me to wait for him on the trail."

"Wait. Wait a minute. How long before he will come?"

"Any time now. And don't postpone this matter any more. We're men, not babies. He's not a fool or a coward, either. And he's a shot—I saw that plain enough—and how'd you like to have him shoot through your windows some time? Old Elmira and Linda have set him on, and he's hot for it."

"I wish you'd get that old helper when you got her son," Simon said. He still spoke calmly; but it was plain enough that Dave's words were having the desired effect. "So he's taken up the blood-feud, has he? I thought I gave his father some lessons in that a long time since. Well, I suppose we must let him have his way!"

"And remember, too," Dave urged, "what you told him when you met him in the store. You said you wouldn't war him twice."

"I remember." The two men were silent, but Dave stood no longer motionless. He was shivering all over with malice and fury.

"Then you've given the word?" he asked.

"I've given the word, but I'll do it my own way. Listen, Dave," Simon stood, head bent, deep in thought. "Could you arrange to have Linda and the old hag out of the house when Bruce gets back?"

"Yes—"

"We've got to work this thing right. We can't operate in the open like we used to. This man has taken up the blood-feud—but the thing to do—is to let him come to us."

"But he won't do it. He'll go to the courts first."

Simon's face grew stern. "I don't want any more interruptions, Dave. I mean we will want to give the impression that he attacked us first—on his own free will. What if he comes into our house—a man unknown in these parts—and something happens to him there—in the dead of night? It wouldn't look so bad then, would it? Besides—if we got him here—before the clan, we might be able to find out where that document is. First, how can you tell when he's going to come?"

"He ought to be here very soon. The moon's bright and I can get up on the ridge and see his shadow through your field glasses when he crosses the big south pasture. That will give me a full half-hour before he comes."

"It's enough. I'm ready to give you your orders now. They are—just to use your head, and on some pretext get those two women out of the house so that Bruce can't find them when he returns. Don't let them come back for an hour, if you can help it. If it works—all right. If it doesn't, we'll use more direct measures. I'll tend to the rest."

He strode to the wall and took down a saddle from the hook. Quickly he threw it over the back of one of the cow ponies, the animal that he had punished. He put the bridle in Dave's hand. "Stop at the house for the glasses, then ride to the ridge at once," he ordered. "Then keep watch."

## CHAPTER XVII

The day was quite dead when Dave Turner reached his post on top of the ridge. Fortunately, the moon rose early. Otherwise Dave's watch would have been in vain. He didn't have long to wait. At the end of a half-hour he saw, through the field glasses, the wavering of a strange black shadow on the distant meadow. He tried to get a better focus. It might be just the shadow of deer, come to browse on the parched grass. Dave felt a little tremor of excitement at the thought that if it were not Bruce, it was more likely the last of the grizzlies, the Killer. The previous night the gray forest king had made an excursion into Simon's pastures and had killed a yearling calf; in all probability he would return tonight to finish his feast. In fact, this night would in all probability see the end of the Killer. Some one of the Turners would wait for him, with a loaded rifle, in a safe ambush.

But it wasn't the Killer, after all. It was before his time; besides, the shadow was too slender to be that of the huge bear. Dave Turner watched a moment longer, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake. Bruce was returning; he was little more than a half-hour's walk from Linda's home.

Turner swung on his horse, then lashed the animal into a gallop. Less than five minutes later he drew up to a halt beneath the Sentinel Pine, almost a mile distant. For the first time, Dave began to move cautiously.

It would complicate matters if the two women had already gone to bed. The hour was early—not yet nine—but the fall of darkness is often the going-to-bed time of the mountain people. It is warmer there and safer; and the expense of candles is lessened. But tonight Linda and old Elmira were sitting up, waiting for Bruce's return.

A candle flame flickered at the window. Dave went up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" Elmira called. It was a habit learned in the dreadful days of twenty years ago, not to open a door without at least some knowl-

edge of who stood without. A lighted doorway sets off a target almost as well as a field of white sets off a black bull's-eye.

Dave knew the truth was the proper course. "Dave Turner," he replied.

A long second of heavy, strange silence ensued. Then the woman spoke again. There was a new note in her voice, a curious harshness, but at the



For the First Time, Dave Began to Move Cautiously.

same time a sense of exultation and excitement. But Dave didn't notice it. He might, however, have been interested in the singular look of wonder that flashed over Linda's face as she stared at her aged aunt. Linda was not thinking of Dave. Her whole attention was seized and held by the unfamiliar note in her aunt's voice, and a strange drawing of the woman's features that the closed door prevented Dave from seeing. It was a look almost of rapture, hardly to be expected in the presence of an enemy.

The dim eyes seemed to glow in the shadows. It was the look of one who had wandered steep and unknown trails for uncounted years and seen the distant lights of his home at last.

She got up from her chair and moved over to the little pack she had carried on her back when she had walked up from her cabin. Linda still gazed at her in growing wonder. The long years seemed to have fallen away from her; she slipped across the uncarpeted floor with the agility and silence of a tiger. She always had given the impression of latent power, but never so much as now. She took some little object from the bag and slipped it next to her withered and scrawny breast.

"What do you want?" she called out into the gloom.

Dave had been getting a little restless in the silence; but the voice reassured him. "I'll tell you when you open the door. It's something about Bruce."

Linda remembered him, then. She leaped to the door and flung it wide. She saw the stars without, the dark fringe of pines against the sky line behind. But most of all she saw the cunning, sharp-featured face of Dave Turner, with the candlelight upon him. The yellow beams were in his eyes, too. They seemed full of guttering lights.

The few times that Linda had talked to Dave she had always felt uneasy beneath his speculative gaze. The same sensation swept over her now. She knew perfectly what she would have had to expect, long since, from this man, were it not that he had lived in fear of his brother Simon. The mighty, leader of the clan had set a barrier around her as far as personal attentions went—and his reasons were obvious. The mountain girls do not usually attain her perfection of form and face; his desire for her was as jealous as it was intense and real. This dark-hearted man of great and terrible emotions did not only know how to hate. In his own savage way he could love too. Linda hated and feared him, but the emotion was wholly different from the dread and abhorrence with which she regarded Dave. "What about Bruce?" she demanded.

Dave leered. "Do you want to see him? He's lying—up here on the hill."

The tone was knowing, edged with cruelty; and it had the desired effect. The color swept from the girl's face. In a single fraction of an instant it showed stark white in the candlelight.

There was an instant's sensation of terrible cold. But her voice was hard and lifeless when she spoke.

"You mean you've killed him?" she asked simply.

"We ain't killed him. We've just been teaching him a lesson," Dave explained. "Simon warned him not to come up—and we've had to talk to him a little—with fists and heels."

Linda cried out then, one agonized syllable. She knew what fists and heels could do in the fights between the mountain men. They are as much weapons of torture as the claws and fangs of the Killer. She had an instant's dead picture of this strong man of hers lying maimed and broken, a battered, whimpering, ineffective thing in the moonlight of some distant hillside. The vision brought knowledge to her. Even more clearly than in the second of their kisses, before he had gone to see Hudson, she realized what an immutable part of her he was. She gazed with growing horror at Dave's leering face. "Where is he?" she asked.

She remembered, with singular steadfastness, the pistol she had concealed in her own room.

"I'll show you. If you want to get him in you'd better bring the old hag with you. I'll take two of you to carry him."

"I'll come," the old woman said from across the shadowed room. She spoke with a curious breathlessness. "I'll go

at once."

The door closed behind the three of them, and they went out into the moonlit forest. Dave walked first. It was wholly characteristic of him that he should find a degenerate rapture in showing these two women the terrible handwork of the Turners. He rejoiced in just this sort of cruelty. Linda had no suspicion that this excursion was only a pretext to get the two women away from the house, and that his eagerness arose from deeper causes. It was true that Dave exulted in the work, and strangely the fact that it was part of the plot against Bruce had been almost forgotten in the face of a greater emotion. He was alone in the darkness with Linda—except of course for a helpless old woman—and the command of Simon in regard to his attitude toward her seemed suddenly dim and far away. He led them over a hill, into the deeper forest.

So intent was he that he quite failed to observe a singular little signal between old Elmira and Linda. The woman half turned about, giving the girl an instant's glimpse of something that she transferred from her breast to her sleeve. It was slender and of steel, and it caught the moonlight on its shining surface.

The girl's eyes glittered when she beheld it. She nodded, scarcely perceptibly, and the strange life plunged deeper into the shadows.

Fifteen minutes later Dave drew up to a halt in a little patch of moonlight, surrounded by a wall of low trees and brush.

"There's more than one way to make a date for a walk with a pretty girl," he said.

The girl stared coldly into his eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked.

The man laughed harshly. "I mean that Bruce ain't got back yet—he's still on the other side of Little River, for all I know—"

"Then why did you bring us here?"

"Just to be sociable," Dave returned. "I'll tell you, Linda. I wanted to talk to you. I ain't been in favor of a lot of things Simon's been doing—to you and your people. I thought maybe you and I would like to be—friends."

No one could mistake the emotion behind the strained tone, the peculiar languor in the furtive eyes. The girl drew back, shuddering. "I'm going back," she told him.

"Wait. I'll take you back soon. Let's have a kiss and make friends. The old lady won't look—"

He laughed again, a hoarse sound that rang far through the silences. He moved toward her, hands reaching. She backed away. Then she half-tripped over an outstretched root.

The next instant she was in his arms, struggling against his steel.

CHAPTER XVIII

The homeward journey over the ridges had meant only pleasure to Bruce. The days had been full of little nerve-riveting adventures, and the nights full of peace. And beyond all these, there was the hope of seeing Linda again at the end of the trail.

It was strange how he remembered her kiss. He had known other kisses in his days—being a purely rational and healthy young man—but there had been nothing of immortality about them. Their warmth had died quickly, and they had been forgotten. They were just delights of moonlight nights and nothing more. But he would wake up from his dreams at night to feel Linda's kiss upon his lips. To recall it brought a strange tenderness—a softening of all the hard outlines of his picture of life.

But aside from his contemplations of Linda, the long tramp had many delights for him. He rejoiced in every manifestation of the wild life about him. Whether it was a bushy-tailed old gray squirrel, watching him from a tree limb, a mangle trying its best to insult him, or the fleeting glimpse of a deer in the coverts. But he didn't see the Killer again. He didn't particularly care to do so.

Both days of the journey home he awakened sharply at dawn. The cool, morning hours were the best for travel. He was of naturally strong physique, and although the days fatigued him unmercifully, he always awakened refreshed in the dawn. At noon he would stop to lunch, eating a few pieces of jerky and frying a single duckling in his skillet. And usually, during the noon rest, he would practice with his axe.

He knew that if he were to fight the Turners, skill with a rifle was an absolute necessity; such skill as would have felled the grizzly with one shot instead of administering merely a flesh wound, accuracy to take off the head of a grouse at fifty yards and at the same time, an ability to swing and aim the weapon in the shortest possible space of time. The only thing that retarded him was the realization that he must not waste too many cartridges. Elmira had brought him only a small supply.

He would walk all afternoon—going somewhat easier and resting more often than in the morning; and these were the times that he appreciated a fragment of jerked venison. He would halt just before nightfall and make his camp.

And the best hour of all was after his meal, as he sat in the growing shadows with his pipe. At this hour he felt the spirit of the pines as never before. He knew their great, brooding sorrow, their infinite wisdom, their inexpressible aloofness with which they kept watch over the wilderness. The smoke would drift about him in soothing clouds; the glow of the coals was red and warm over him. He could think then. Life revealed some of its lesser mysteries to him. And he began to glimpse the distant gleam of even greater truths, and sometimes it seemed to him that he could almost catch and hold them. Always it was some message that the pines were trying to tell him—certainly in words that

Continued on Page 8

She didn't waste words in pleading. A sob caught at her throat, and she fought with all her strength against the drawn, nearing face. She had forgotten Elmira; in this dreadful moment of terror and danger the old woman's broken strength seemed too little to be of aid. And Dave thought her as helpless to oppose him as the tall pines that watched from above them.

His wild laughter obscured the single sound that she made, a strange cry that seemed lacking in all human quality. Rather it was such a sound as a puna utters as it leaps upon its prey. It was the articulation of a whole life of hatred that had come to a crisis at last—of deadly and terrible triumph after a whole decade of waiting. If Dave had discerned that cry in time he would have hurled Linda from his arms to leap into a position of defense. The desire for women in men goes down to the roots of the world, but self-preservation is a deeper instinct still.

But he didn't hear it in time. Elmira had not struck with her knife. The distance was too far for that. But she swung her cane with all her force. The blow caught the man at the temple, his arms fell away from the girl's body, he staggered grotesquely in the carpet of pin needles. Then he fell face downward.

"His belt, quick!" the woman cried. No longer was her voice that of decrepit age. The girl struggled with herself, wrenched back her self-control, and leaped to obey her aunt. They snatched the man's belt from about his waist, and the women locked it swiftly about his ankles. With strong, hard hands they drew his wrists back of him and tied them tight with the long bandanna handkerchief he wore about his neck. They worked almost in silence, with incredible rapidity and deftness.

The man was waking now, stirring in his unconsciousness, and swiftly the old woman cut the buckskin thongs from his tall logging boots. These also she twisted about the wrists, knotting them again and again, and binding them

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## THE STRENGTH OF THE PINES

(Continued from Page 2)

made when their limbs rubbed together, partly in the nature of a great allegory of which their dark, impassive forms were the symbols. If he could only see clearly! But it seemed to him that passion blinded his eyes. More and more he realized that the pines, like the stars, were living symbols of great powers who lived above the world, powers that would speak to men if they would but listen long and patiently enough, and in whose creed lay happiness.

The last afternoon he traveled hard. He wanted to reach Linda's house before nightfall. But the trail was too long for that. The twilight fell, and to him still a weary two miles distant. And the way was quite dark when he plunged into the south pasture of the Ross estate.

Half an hour later he was beneath the Sentinel Pine. He wondered why Linda was not waiting beneath it; in his fancy, he thought of it as being the ordained place for her. But perhaps she had merely failed to hear his footsteps. He called into the open door.

"Linda," he said, "I've come back." No answer reached him. The words rang through the silent rooms and echoed back to him. He walked over the threshold.

A chair in the front room was turned over. His heart leaped at the sight of it. "Linda," he called in alarm. "Where are you? It's Bruce." He stood an instant listening, a great fear creeping over him. He called once more, first to Linda and then to the old woman. Then he leaped through the doorway.

The kitchen was shabbily deserted. From there he went to Linda's room. Her coat and hat lay on the bed, but



Her Coat and Hat Lay on the Bed, but There Was No Linda to Stretch Her Arms to Him.

there was no Linda to stretch her arms to him. He started to go out the way he had come, but was instead to his own room. A sheet of newspaper lay on the bed.

It had been scrawled hurriedly, but although he had never received a written word from Linda he did not doubt but that it was her hand:

"The Turners are coming—I caught a glimpse of them on the ridge. There is no use of my trying to resist, so I'll wait for them in the front room and maybe they won't find this note. They will take me to Simon's house, and I know from its structure that they will lock me in an interior room in the east wing. Use the window on that side nearest the north corner. My one hope is that you will come at once to save me."

Bruce's eyes leaped over the page; then he thrust it into his pocket. He slipped through the rear door of the house, into the shadows.

## CHAPTER XIX

As Bruce hurried up the hill toward the Ross estate, he made a swift calculation of the rifle shells in his pocket. The gun held six. He had perhaps fifteen others in his pockets, and he hadn't stopped to replenish them from the supply Elvira had brought. He hadn't brought Dave's rifle with him, but had left it with the remainder of his pack. He knew that the lighter he traveled the greater would be his chance of success.

Obviously the girl had written when the clan was closing about the house, and finding her in the front room, there had been no occasion to search the other rooms and find her. The girl had kept her head even in that moment of crisis. A wave of admiration for her passed over him.

And the little action had set an example for him. He knew that only rigid self-control and cool-headed strategy could achieve the thing he had set out to do. His impulse was to storm the door, to pour his lead through the lighted windows; but such things could never take Linda out of Simon's hands. Only stealth and caution, not blind courage and frenzy, could serve her now. Such blind killing as his heart prompted had to wait for another time.

He knew only the general direction of the Ross house where Simon lived. Linda had told him it rested upon the crest of a small hill, beyond a ridge of timber. The moonlight showed him a well-beaten trail, and he strode swiftly along it.

He had a vague sense of familiarity with this winding trail. Perhaps he had toddled down it as a baby, perhaps his mother had carried him along it on a neighboring visit to the Rosses. He went over the hill and peered his

way to the edge of the timber. All at once the moon showed him the house.

He couldn't mistake it, even at this distance. And to Bruce it had a singular effect of unreality. The mountain men did not ordinarily build houses of such dimensions. They were usually merely log cabins of two or three lower rooms and a garret to be reached with a ladder. The ancestral home of the Rosses, however, had fully a dozen rooms, and it loomed to an incredible size in the mystery of the moonlight. He saw quaint gabled roofs and far-spreading wings. And it seemed more like a house of enchantment, a structure raised by the rubbing of a magic lapp, than the work of carpenters and masons.

Probably its wild surroundings had a great deal to do with this effect. There were no roads leading to Trail's End. Material could not be carried over its winding trails except on pack animals. He had a realization of tremendous difficulties that had been conquered by tireless effort, of long months of unending toil, of exhaustless patience, and at the end—a dream come true. All of its lumber had to be hewed from the forests about. Its stone had been quarried from the rock cliffs and hauled with infinite labor over the steep trails.

He understood now why the Turners had coveted it. It seemed the acme of luxury to them. And more clearly than ever he understood why the Rosses had died, sooner than relinquish it, and why its usurpation by the Turners had left such a debt of hatred to Linda. All men know that the love of home is one of the few great impulses that has made toward civilization, but by the same token it has been the cause of many wars. Perhaps the day is coming when this love will die in the land, but with it will die the strength to repel the heathen from our walls, and the land will not be worth living in, anyway. But it was not dead to the mountain people. No really primitive emotion ever is.

The Rosses had known this instinct very well. As all men who are strong-thewed and of real natural virtue, they had known pride of race and name, and it had been a lust worth while to build this stately house on their far-lying acres. They had given their fiber to it freely; no man who beheld the structure could doubt that fact. They had simply consecrated their lives to it; their one work by which they could show to all who came after that by their own hands they had earned their right to live.

Bruce saw the broad lands lying under the moon. There were hundreds of acres of alfalfa and clover to furnish hay for the winter feeding. There were wide, green pastures, enclosed by the moon, and fields of corn laid out in even rows. The old appeal of the soil, an instinct that no person of Anglo-Saxon descent can ever completely escape, swept through him. They were worth fighting for, those fertile acres.

Not for nothing have a hundred generations of Anglo-Saxon people been tillers of the soil. They had left a love of it to Bruce. He knew what it would be like to feel the earth's pulse through the handles of a plow, to behold the first start of green things in the spring and the golden ripening in fall; to watch the flocks through the breathless nights and the herds feeding on the distant hills.

Bruce looked over the ground. He knew enough not to continue the trail farther. The space in front was bathed in moonlight, and he would make the best kind of target to any rifleman watching from the windows of the house. He turned through the covert, seeking the shadow of the forest at one side.

By going in a quartering direction he was able to approach within two hundred yards of the house without emerging into the moonlight. At that point the real difficulty of the snail began. He hovered in the shadows, then slipped one hundred feet further to the trunk of a great oak tree.

He could see the house much more plainly now. True, it had suffered nearly in the past twenty years it needed painting and many of its windows were broken. Bruce refused to see that there were no lights in the east wing of the house; the window that Linda had indicated in the note was just a black square on the moonlit wall.

There was a neglected garden close to this wing of the house. If he could reach this spot in safety he could approach within a few feet of the house and still remain in cover. He went flat, then slowly crawled toward it.

Once a light sprang up in a window near the front, and he pressed close to the earth. But in a moment it went away. He crept on. He didn't know when a watchman in one of the dark windows would discern his creeping figure. But he did know perfectly just what manner of greeting he might expect in this event. There would be a single little spurt of fire in the darkness, so small that probably his eyes would quite fail to catch it. If they did discern it, there would be no time for a message to be recorded in his brain. It would mean a swift and certain end of all messages. The Turners would lose no time in emptying their rifles at him, and there wouldn't be the slightest doubt about their hitting the mark. All the clan were expert shots and the range was close.

The place was deeply silent. He felt a growing sense of awe. In a moment more, he slipped into the shadows of the neglected rose gardens. He lay quiet an instant, resting. He didn't wish to risk the success of his expedition by fatiguing himself now. He wanted his full strength and breath for any crisis that he should meet in the room where Linda was confined.

Nevertheless, the stock of his rifle felt good in his hands. Perhaps there would be a running fight after he got the girl out of the house, and then his cartridges would be needed. There might even be a moment of close work with what guards the Turners had set over her. But the heavy stock used

like a club, would be most use to him then.

Many times, he knew, skulking figures had been concealed in this garden. Probably the Turners, in the days of the blood-feud, had often waited in its shadows for a sight of some one of their enemies to a lighted window. Old ghosts dwelt in it; he could see their shadows waver out of the corner of his eyes. Or perhaps it was only the shadow of the brambles, blown by the wind.

Once his heart leaped into his throat at a sharp crack of brush beside him; and he could scarcely restrain a muscular jerk that might have revealed his position. But when he turned his head he could see nothing but the covert and the moon above them. A garden snake, or perhaps a blind mole, had made the sound.

Four minutes later he was within one dozen feet of the designated window. There was a stretch of moonlight between, but he passed it quickly. And now he stood in hold relief against the moonlit house-wall.

He was in perfectly plain sight of any one on the hill behind. Possibly his distant form might have been discerned from the window of one of the lesser houses occupied by Simon's kin. But he was too close to the wall to be visible from the windows of Simon's house, except by a deliberate scrutiny. And the window slipped up noiselessly in his hands.

He was considerably surprised. He had expected this window to be locked.



He Was Considerably Surprised. He Had Expected This Window to Be Locked.

Some way, he felt less hopeful of success. He recalled in his mind the directions that Linda had left, wondering if he had come to the wrong window. But there was no chance of a mistake in this regard; it was the north-east window in the east wing. However, she had said that she would be confined in an interior room, and possibly the Turners had seen no need of barriers other than his locked door. Probably they had not even anticipated that Bruce would attempt a rescue.

He leaped lightly upward and slipped silently into the room. Except for the moonlit square on the floor it was quite in darkness.

He stood a moment, hardly breathing. But he decided it was not best to strike a match. A match might reveal his presence to some one in an adjoining room. He rested his hand against the wall, then moved slowly around the room. He knew that by this course

he would soon encounter the door that led into the interior rooms.

In a moment he found it. He stood waiting. He turned the knob gently; then softly pulled. But the door was locked.

There was no sound now but the loud beating of his own heart. He could no longer hear the voices of the wind outside the open window. He wondered whether, should he hurl all his magnificent strength against the panels, he could break the lock; and if he did so, whether he could escape with the girl before he was shot down. But his hand, wandering over the lock, encountered the key.

It was easy, after all. He turned the key. The door opened beneath his hand.

If there had been a single ray of light under the door or through the keyhole, his course would have been quite different. He would have opened the door suddenly in that case, hoping to take by surprise whosoever of the clan were guarding Linda. To open a door slowly into a room full of enemies is only to give them plenty of time to cock their rifles. But in this case the room was in darkness, and all that he need fear was making a sudden sound. The opening slowly widened. Then he slipped through and stood ten breathless seconds in silence.

"Linda," he whispered. He waited a long time for an answer. Then he stole farther into the room.

"Linda," he said again. "It's Bruce. Are you here?"

And in that unfathomable silence he heard a sound—a sound so dim and small that it only reached the frontier of hearing. It was a strange, whispering, eerie sound, and it filled the room like the faintest, almost imperceptible gust of wind. But there was no doubt of its reality. A living creature occupied this place of darkness with him, and was either half-gagged by a handkerchief over the face or was trying to conceal its presence by muffling its breathing. "Linda," he said again.

There was a strange response to the calling of that name. He heard no whispered answer. Instead, the door he had just passed through shut softly behind him.

For a fleeting instant he hoped that the wind had blown it shut. For it is always the way of youth to hope—as long as any hope is left. His heart leaped and he whirled to face it. Then he heard the unmistakable sound of a

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

bolt being slid into place.

Some little space of time followed in silence. He struggled with growing horror, and time seemed limitless. Then a strong man laughed grimly in the darkness.

## CHAPTER XX

As Bruce waited, his eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness. He began to see the dim outlines of his fellow occupants of the room—fully seven brave men seated in chairs about the walls. "Let's hear you drop your rifle," one of them said.

Bruce recognized the grim voice as Simon's—heard on one occasion before. He let his rifle fall from his hands. He knew that only death would be the answer to any resistance to these men. Then Simon scratched a match, and without looking at him, bent to touch it to the wick of the lamp.

The tiny flame sputtered and flickered, filling the room with dancing shadows. Bruce looked about him.

Simon sat beside the fireplace, the lamp at his elbow. As the wick caught, the light brightened and steadied, and Bruce could see plainly. On each side of him, in chairs about the walls, sat Simon's brothers and his blood relations that shared the estate with him. They were huge, gaunt men, most of them dark-bearded and sallow-skinned, and all of them regarded him with the same gaze of speculative interest.

Bruce did not flinch before their gaze. He stood erect as he could, instinctively defiant.

"Our guest is rather early," Simon began. "Dave hasn't come yet, and Dave is the principal witness."

A bearded man across the room answered him. "But I guess we ain't goin' to let the prisoner go for lack of evidence."

The circle laughed then—a harsh sound that was not greatly different from the laughter of the coyotes on the sagebrush hills. But they sobered when they saw that Simon hadn't laughed. His dark eyes were glowing.

"You're by no chance, met him on the way home, did you?" he asked.

"I wish I had," Bruce replied. "But I didn't."

"I don't understand your eagerness. You didn't seem overly eager to meet us."

Bruce smiled wanly. These wilderness men regarded him with fresh interest. Somehow, they hadn't counted on his smiling. It was almost as if he were of the wilderness breed himself, instead of the son of cities. "I'm here, am I not?" he said. "It isn't as if you came to my house first."

"Yes, you're here," Simon confirmed. "And I'm wondering if you remember what I told you just as you left Martin's store that day—that I gave no man two warnings."

"I remember that," Bruce replied. "I saw no reason for listening to you. I don't see any reason now, and I wouldn't if it wasn't for that row of guns."

Simon studied his pale face. "Perhaps you'll be sorry you didn't listen, before this night is over. And there are many hours yet in it. Bruce—you came up here to these mountains to open old wounds."

"Simon, I came up here to right wrongs—and you know it. If old wounds are opened, I can't help it."

"And tonight," Simon went on as if he had not been answered, "you have come unbidden into our house. It would be all the evidence the courts would need, Bruce—that you crept in to our house in the dead of night. If anything happened to you here, no word could be raised against us. You were a brave man, Bruce."

"So I can suppose you left the note?"

The circle laughed again, but Simon silenced them with a gesture. "You're very keen," he said.

"Then where is Linda?" Bruce's eyes hardened. "I am more interested in her whereabouts than in this talk with you."

"The last seen of her, she was going up a hill with Dave. When Dave re-

turns you can ask him."

The bearded man opposite from Simon uttered a short syllable of a laugh. "And it don't look like he's going to return," he said. The knowing look on his face was deeply abhorrent to Bruce. Curiously, Simon's face flushed, and he whirled in his chair. "Do you mean anything in particular, Old Bill?" he demanded.

"It looks to me like maybe Dave's forgot a lot of things you told him, and he and Linda are havin' a little spakin' time together out in the brush."

The idea seemed to please the clan. But Simon's eyes glowed, and Bruce himself felt the beginnings of a blind rage that might, unless he held hard upon it, hurl him against their remorseless weapons. "I don't want any more such talk out of you, Old Bill," Simon reproved him, "and we've talked enough, anyway." His keen eyes studied Bruce's flushed face. "One of you give our guest a chair and fix him up in it with a thong. We don't want him flying off the coop and getting shot until we're done talking to him."

One of the clansmen pushed a chair forward with sudden force, striking Bruce in the knees and almost knocking him over. The circle leered, and he sat down in it with as much ease as possible. Then one of the men looped his arms to the arms of the chair with thongs of buckskin. Another thong was tied about his ankles. Then the clansmen went back to their chairs.

"I really don't see the use of all these dramatics," Bruce said coldly. "And I don't particularly like yelled threats. At present I seem to be in your hands."

"You don't seem to be," Simon answered with reddening eyes. "You are."

"I have no intention of saying I'm sorry I didn't heed the threats you gave me before—and as to those I've heard tonight—they're not going to do you any good, either. It is true that you found me in the house you occupy in the dead of night—but it isn't your house to start with. What a man seizes by murder isn't his."

"What a man holds with a hard fist and his rifle—in these mountains—is his," Simon contradicted him.

"Besides, you got me here with a trick," Bruce went on without heeding him. "So don't pretend that my wickedness you do tonight was justified by my coming. You'll have to answer for it just the same."

Simon leaned forward in his chair. His dark eyes glowed in the lamp-light. "I've heard such talk as that before," he said. "I expect your own father talked like that a few times himself."

The words seemed to strike straight home to the gathered Turners. The moment was breathless, weighted with suspense. All of them seemed straining in their chairs.

Bruce's head bowed, but the veins stood out beneath the short hair on his temples, and his lips trembled when he answered. "That was a greater wickedness than anything you can do tonight. And you'll have to answer for it all the more."

He spoke the last sentence with a calm assurance. Though spoken softly, the words rang clear. But the answer of the evil-hearted man before him was only a laugh.

"And there's one thing more I want to make clear," Bruce went on in the strong voice of a man who had conquered his terror. And it was not because he did not realize his danger. He was in the hands of the Turners, and he knew that Simon had spoken certain words that, if for no other reason than his reputation with his followers, he would have to make good. Bruce knew that no moment of his life was more perilous than this.

But the clan before him were so dumb of heart that he didn't know, and he was sure that his destiny, should it come, was his own.

The boy that had been awakened in his bed at home by the ring of the phone bell had wholly forgotten now.

## Special Bargains.

Thin and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 60 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

A man of the wild places had come. Instead, stern and courageous and unflinching.

"Everything is tolerable clear to us already," Simon said, "except your sentence."

"I want you to know that I refuse to be impressed with this judicial attitude of you and your blackguard followers," Bruce went on. "This gathering of the group of you doesn't make any evil that you do any less wrong, or the payment you'll have to make any less sure. It lies wholly in your power to kill me while I'm sitting here, and I haven't much hope but that you'll do it. But let me tell you this. A reign of bloodshed and crime can go on only so long. You've been kings up here, and you think the law can't reach you. But it will—belle me, it will."

"And this was the man who was going to renew the blood-feud—already hollering about the law," Simon said to his followers. He turned to Bruce. "It's plain that Dave isn't going to come. I'll have to be the chief witness myself, after all. However, Dave told me all that I needed to know. The first question I have to ask of you, Folger, is the whereabouts of that agreement between your late lamented father and the late lamented Matthew Ross, according to what the trapper Hudson told you a few days ago."

Bruce was strong enough to laugh in his bonds. "Up to this time I have given you and your murderous crowd credit for at least natural intelligence," he replied, "but I see I was mistaken—or you wouldn't expect an answer to that question."

"Do you mean you don't know its whereabouts?"

"I won't give you the satisfaction of knowing whether I know or not. I just refuse to answer."

"I trust the ropes are tight enough about your wrists."

"Plenty tight, thank you. They are cutting the flesh so it bleeds."

"How would you like them some tighter?"

"Pull them till they cut my arteries off, and you won't get a civil answer out of me. In fact—" and the man's eyes blazed—"I'm tired of talking to this outlaw crowd. And the sooner you do what you're going to do, the better it will suit me."

"We'll come to that shortly enough. Disregarding that for a moment—we understand that you want to open up the blood-feud again. Is that true?"

Bruce made no answer, only gazed without flinching into his questioner's face.

"That was what my brother Dave led me to understand," Simon went on, "so we've decided to let you have your way. It's open—it's been open since you came here. You disregarded the warning I gave—and men don't disregard my warnings twice. You threatened Dave with your rifle. This is a different land than you're used to, Bruce, and we do things our own way. You're hunted for trouble and now you've found it. Your father before you thought he could stand against us—but he's been lying still a long time. The Rosses thought so, too. And it is part of our code never to take back a threat—but always to make it good."

Bruce still sat with lowered head, seemingly not listening. The clansmen gazed at him, and a new, more deadly spirit was in the room. None of them smiled now; the whole circle of faces was dark and intent, their eyes glittered through narrowed lids, their lips set. The air was charged with suspense. The moment of crisis was near.

Sometimes the men glanced at their leader's face, and what they saw there filled them with a grim and terrible eagerness. Simon was beginning to run true to form. His dark passions were slowly mastering him. For a moment they all sat as if entranced in a communion of cruelty, and to Bruce they seemed like a colony of spotted rattlesnakes such as sometimes hold their comminations of hatred on the sun-blasted cliffs.

All at once Simon laughed—a sharp, hoarse sound that had, in its overtones, a note of madness. Every man in the room started. They seemed to have forgotten Bruce. They looked at their leader with a curious expectancy. They seemed to know that that wild laugh betokened but one thing—the impact of some terrible sort of inspiration.

As they watched, they saw the idea take hold of him. The huge face darkened. His eyes seemed to smolder as he studied his huge hands. "We've decided to be merciful, after all," he said slowly. But neither Bruce nor the clansmen understood him or were deceived. They only knew that these words were simply part of a deadly jest that in a moment all would understand. "Instead of filling you full of thirty-thirty bullets, as better men than you have been filled and what we ought to do—we're just going to let you lay out all night—in the pasture—with your feet tied and your hands behind your back."

No one relaxed. They listened, staring, for that would follow.

"You may get a bit cold before morning," Simon went on, "but you're warmly dressed, and a little frost won't hurt you. And I've got the place all picked out for you. And we're even going to move something that's laying there so it will be more pleasant."

(To be continued)

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA





REV. HENRY A. TUPPER

Strong in His Protest  
Against Undesirable Aliens



Rev. Henry Allen Tupper, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Washington in making a formal report to Secretary of Labor Davis, upon an inspection made by him in Syria, Palestine, Egypt and sections of central Europe, declares that no law can be too drastic in barring undesirable aliens from the United States. Doctor Tupper has been deputized a special agent of immigration, and his work abroad consumed more than three months.

DRY ENFORCEMENT IS FAILURE, SAYS MELLON

Secretary Believes a Great Army of Agents Powerless Without Citizen Co-operation.

Washington.—Administration leaders from the President down who have been giving grave consideration to conditions in prohibition enforcement have found no remedy for the situation. Since the Cabinet discussion a complete stock-taking by Secretary Mellon and others shows that enforcement is virtually a complete failure.

Secretary Mellon, in whose department the duty of enforcement lies, has no fault to find with Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Commissioner, or his executive assistants. The Secretary holds the view that the prohibition office is doing effective work so far as it can, but that if it was at least three times as large it would still fall far short of accomplishing an effective check to the making and use of intoxicants.

Mr. Mellon believes that a great army committed to the work would be needed to obtain proper enforcement and then it would be effective only with the co-operation of the great body of citizenship.

Administration leaders, finding no practical remedy for the situation, have put the question up to leading "dry" advocates of the country. Many of them have been asked for constructive suggestions as to best procedure or some means of meeting the issue. So far nothing has been offered by them which is deemed practicable.

Advices to Government officials show that whiskey, wines and other intoxicating beverages are flowing in torrents over all borders of the United States. Much of this illegal importation is not by bootleggers or others who defy the law for profit, but by cultured, educated and otherwise law-abiding citizens. Society leaders in their travels carry trunkfuls.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—Debs given one hour oration at Longue meeting in Chicago, where he makes his first speech since quitting Atlanta; reiterates his opposition to war.

SOUTH BEND, Ind.—John P. Tierman, his divorce set aside, quits now wife, returns to South Bend, and is reconciled to first spouse and recognizes child whose parentage he denied.

PARIS.—French purport to see British-American clash over oil in Child's Lausanne statement, and upbraid United States for shirking responsibilities.

PARIS.—Despite reports that France will turn down the Washington arms treaties, the French government is prepared to urge their ratification.

BOSTON.—Clemenceau urges full American participation in Lausanne conference before big Tremont Temple audience.

NEW YORK.—Bethlehem buys Midvale and Cambria steel plants in competitive drive on United States Steel Corporation.

LAUSANNE.—Proposal for neutral zone between eastern and western Thrace advanced here.

ROME.—Baron Sidney Sonnino, twice prime minister of Italy and also foreign minister during the World war, is dead. Baron Sonnino was seventy-five years old.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—As the first move toward prohibition here the local government announced that no more licenses to sell liquor would be granted.

PEKIN.—China and Japan have reached an agreement through the joint Shantung commission under which control of the Shantung peninsula, subject of much controversy, will be resumed by China.

After enjoying nine hours of liberty during which he evaded police posers and the scent of police dogs from three towns, Leon Muzey, arrested by Chief Gauthier of Windsor, Vt., on a charge of grand larceny, was captured by Chief Smith of Charlestown, N. H. Muzey was on parole from the Vermont state prison.

U. S. TAX RECEIPTS FOR FISCAL YEAR

Principal Falling Off in Revenue Due to Shrinkage in Incomes and Profits.

DECREASE IS \$1,397,905,878

Total Paid Into Treasury \$3,595,357,061, or 30 Per Cent Slump—New York Leads States With \$527,695,268; Pennsylvania Pays \$245,798,087.

Washington.—Federal tax collections for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, fell off almost \$1,400,000,000 or 20 per cent as compared with the previous year according to the annual report of the Internal Revenue Bureau issued by Commissioner Blair. Income and profits taxes collected for the year showed a decrease of \$1,111,000,000, or 35 per cent.

Total tax collections for the year aggregated \$3,595,357,061, compared with \$4,993,262,941 for 1921, while income and profits taxes for 1922 amounted to \$2,086,918,461, against \$3,238,137,673 the previous year.

Miscellaneous collections arising from taxation other than that on incomes and profits amounted to \$1,110,632,618 for 1922, a decrease of \$256,656,770, or 19 per cent. That slump, Mr. Blair declared, was accounted for mostly by the repeal or reduction in rates of various taxes provided for in the revenue act of 1921, effective January 1, 1922.

The net expenditure for collecting taxes for 1922 was \$34,286,651, which was equivalent to \$1.07 for each \$100 collected as compared with seventy-two cents for each \$100 the previous year.

Incomes Shrink

"The difference in the relative cost of collection for the fiscal year 1921 and 1922," Mr. Blair said, "is due mainly to the large reduction in the revenues of 1922 incident to the shrinkage in business and incomes, the repeal of certain miscellaneous war taxes and various provisions of the law such as the amortization of war-time facilities and the increase in individual exemptions contained in the revenue act of 1921, with the consequent reduction in the income tax liability of corporations and individuals."

Of the various revenues, tobacco and fermented liquor taxes only showed increases over 1921. Collections, other than income and profit taxes, for 1922 as compared with the preceding fiscal year were:

Distilled spirits, including wines, \$45,663,000 against \$28,598,000; fermented liquors, \$16,000 against \$25,000; tobacco manufactures, \$270,759,000 against \$255,210,000; oleomargarine, \$2,121,000 against \$2,986,000; capital stock tax, including other special taxes, \$20,644,000 against \$91,281,000; miscellaneous including war excise taxes since 1917, \$586,881,000 against \$914,227,000 and sales of internal revenue stamps by postmasters, \$14,616,000 against \$20,880,000.

Approximately 1,250,000 income tax returns are received in Washington annually, Mr. Blair reported. In the last fiscal year 954,731 income and excess profits returns were audited, of which 717,879 were individual and partnership returns and 236,852 were corporation returns. On audit, without field examination, \$22,736,000 additional tax was assessed on individual and partnership returns. Revenue agents' reports on 21,868 individual and partnership returns were reviewed in Washington in the year, and \$23,885,000 in additional tax assessed, while review of 14,038 corporation reports resulted in an additional assessment of \$18,717,000.

Of 167,495 claims adjusted, a total of 129,531 claims involving \$182,371,000 were allowed and 27,774 involving \$150,107,000 were rejected. In the preceding fiscal year 135,637 claims involving \$157,529,000 were received.

"Dry" Not Reorganized

A complete reorganization of the activities of the prohibition unit was effected, resulting in greater efficiency and expedition in the handling of work, Mr. Blair reported. A total of 2035 cases covering violations of the prohibition laws was reported by the new force of general agents, and taxes amounting to \$19,116,000 reported for assessment.

FUEL ON BIG LINER

Epidemic Aboard President Roosevelt Hits Officers and Crew.

Plymouth, Eng.—An epidemic of influenza has broken out among the officers and crew of the American steamer President Roosevelt. The chief officer of the vessel and the purser are among those ill. There are no cases of the disease among the passengers.

Supplies of brandy were ordered by wireless. These were sent on board on arrival of the steamer at Plymouth.

CONTINUE COAL CONTROL

Harding Decides Federal Distribution Must Hold Until January 1.

Washington.—Federal control of coal distribution must be continued until January 1, President Harding decided. C. S. Spens, Federal Fuel Distributor, called on the President to resign his office, but after discussing the situation, agreed to remain in service until that date and to continue in effect the present supervision, or a modification of it, until the first of the year.

At the fifth annual meeting of the District Association of Milk Producers, Auburn, Me., George S. Young of Livermore was re-elected President. C. L. Pulsifer was elected as representative to attend the annual meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association at Boston in January.

DR. S. W. STRATTON

New President Massachusetts Institute of Technology



Now photograph of Dr. Samuel Wesley Stratton, for 21 years director of the bureau of standards at Washington who has been elected president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He will assume the position January 1, 1923.

MIDDIES' ANGER DENBY BY WHISKY SPREE

"Shocked Beyond Measure," Says Secretary, Scoring Heavy Drinking After Army Game.

Washington.—"Shocked beyond measure," he said, over the manner in which the midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy conducted themselves in Philadelphia after the Army-Navy football game there Saturday, Secretary of the Navy Denby ordered an investigation to determine the source of the liquor which he admitted flowed freely.

In a formal statement he said:

"I have no desire to minimize in any way the fact that many of the midshipmen did disgrace themselves and bring disgrace upon the Naval Academy, for I know it to be true."

"I am shocked beyond measure that such things could have occurred. The misconduct on that occasion was, as far as I know, the most flagrant that has ever been charged against the Academy."

"How many midshipmen drank heavily I do not know. The whole regiment was in Philadelphia. Only a relatively small proportion of the regiment attended the ball. Of this proportion, I think, the great majority conducted themselves with propriety, but enough failed of their duty to their uniform and to their country to bring shame upon all."

"Such an occurrence will never be repeated, for such steps as are necessary will be taken to make it impossible."

"I wish to make it quite clear that the Naval Academy has heretofore set an example to the country of good conduct upon such occasions, and it will set that example in the future."

"I was so proud of them at the game, which was one of the most thrilling I have ever seen, and where I saw absolutely no evidence of drinking among the midshipmen that the later event of the evening came as an absolute shock."

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The internal revenue taxes show an increase of \$1,397,978.85 for the fiscal year.

Colonel J. J. Morrow, Governor of Panama Canal Zone, in annual report, predicts canal will quadruple its traffic.

Nation-wide conference on women's industry to be held at Washington January 11, 12 and 13, under Department of Labor direction. Violators of anti-narcotic, postal and automobile theft laws chiefly blamed for increase of nearly 100 Federal prisoners in report to Department of Justice.

Vice President Coolidge, discussing the danger in the extension of Federal regulatory activities into the field of local self government, says real reform does not begin with a law, but ends with a law.

Senator Harrison (Miss.) charges that five well-known American colored men have contract with Liberian government under which they would receive \$650,000 if \$3,000,000 loan is secured from United States.

American Federation of Labor adopts resolution condemning proposed new Illinois constitution. Senators Borah and Hitchcock attack Clemenceau as militarist, Senator Sterling alone defends him.

Ship subsidy bill successfully weathers foes' first oratorical blast in house; is expected to pass by 40 to 45 majority.

Secretary of State Hughes expected to submit proposal to five Central American powers when they meet here in disarmament conference.

Senator Capper opens farm bloc attack on Esch Cummings transportation act, deploring prosperity of roads in contrast to plight of farmers.

Searching through the ruins, after a fire had swept through a three-story brick building on Bliss street, Springfield, Mass., firemen found the charred body of Mrs. Mabel Jacobs, 51, in the doorway of her room on the third floor. It is believed that she tried to dress and leave her room, but was suffocated as she opened the door.

IRISH EXECUTE REBEL CHIEF

Childers, De Valera's Lieutenant, Pays Penalty for Carrying Weapons When Seized.

FATE HUNG IN BALANCE

England Thought Republican Leader Might Be Spared by Irish Nationals — First Word Relatives Receive Is Announcement by Adjutant.

Dublin.—Erskine Childers was shot to death at Portobello barracks by a Free State firing squad.

Republicans, apparently aware that the execution of Childers, their leader, was imminent, made a big demonstration in Dublin, sniping and using machine guns on the National forces from many points.

An announcement by the publicity department of the Republicans states:

"Childers' wife was informed at 9:45 this morning that her husband had been executed."

"Captain Childers was first told to prepare for execution on Monday morning last. Later he was informed that the date would be Wednesday. On Tuesday at 10 o'clock at night he was told that he would not be taken out Wednesday."

"Up to ten o'clock Thursday night he had not been informed what time had been fixed for the execution. In the meantime he was moved hourly from barrack to barrack. He applied to see the Rev. Dr. Browne, of Maynooth, or Father Albert. These requests were refused. Finally he asked to see a Protestant clergyman whom he knew as a boy. This clergyman was brought to him, and was with him when he died."

The government officially announced that eight men who applied with Childers for writs of habeas corpus had been sentenced to terms of from five years to twelve months at penal servitude. One was found not guilty.

It was a raw, foggy morning, with a cold wind blowing, when Childers was led from his cell in the Kilmainham jail on the outskirts of the city.

Escorted by a little group of Free State soldiers, Childers was quickly taken into the jail yard.

The firing squad was lined up, a handkerchief was tied across his face and he was placed with his back against the wall. A dozen shots rang out. Childers crumpled up. A surgeon examined him and pronounced him dead.

Persons who saw the execution said that Childers' courage shined with him to the last. He made no plea for mercy.

Relatives were not allowed to visit the condemned man in his cell, and Mrs. Childers did not know her husband was dead until noon, when officially informed by the adjutant general of the Free State army. She fainted on hearing the news. This evening she was in a serious condition.

The sons and sisters of Childers, dressed in deep mourning, called at the government offices and requested that the body be turned over to the family.

Childers left an unfinished letter addressed to his wife. He did not make any statement before his death.

Childers is the latest victim of the "iron policy" of the new Free State government, headed by William T. Cosgrave, president of Dail Eireann. Appeals were made in his behalf by prominent residents of both Ireland and England, but the government refused to heed them. Irish officials argued that to show weakness now would be to court further disorder and bloodshed.

Irregular leaders are being rounded up one by one—both men and women. The Free State military authorities have learned the whereabouts of De Valera and he is under close surveillance. He issued a warning that "bloodshed would follow if Childers were executed."

The general opinion here is, however, that if Valera is captured he will be arraigned in a civil court instead of before a court martial.

Prof. Alonzo Butterfield, 76 of Brattleboro, Vt., a specialist in voice culture and expression and former associate of the late Alexander Graham Bell of telephone fame, is dead following a cerebral hemorrhage, which he suffered several weeks ago.



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PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

Frank Higelow of Waltham, a farm-hand employed by David M. Watt at Paxton, Mass., was fatally gored by a big Ayrshire bull.

A load of games so large that a truck had to be chartered to bring it out of the woods fell to the lot of a party of Portland hunters. The total was seven bucks, two does and many rabbits and birds.

Justice Henry T. Lummas of Lynn, presiding at the November sitting of the superior court, Greenfield, Mass., has a novel hobby. A classified advertisement in a newspaper reveals that he is a collector of old razors. The advertisement calls for "the old thick, not the concave sort; rust no objection." The justice asks that the razors be left at the court house, where he is until Dec. 5, or sent to his home in Lynn.

The two women who will sit in the 1923 Massachusetts Legislature will not be compelled to brave the smoke of the House lounge room to find a place to hang their hats. Sergeant-at-Arms Charles O. Holt selected a room on the gallery floor, adjoining the speaker's gallery, and this will be fitted up as a private room for the two women, Mrs. Susan W. Fitzgerald of Boston and Miss M. Sylvia Donaldson of Brockton.

Miss Agnes M. Cooper of Boston, won damages of \$379.16 by award of a superior court jury from police Sergeant George A. Dingley and Patrolman Harry B. Powers, of Portland, Me. Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hamlen were originally co-defendants with the police in this case, which alleged assault and conspiracy and asked \$10,000. John H. Casey of Boston, counsel for the plaintiff, agreed to eliminate Mrs. Hamlen as a defendant and the jury which deliberated five hours failed to mention her husband in its verdict.

Kidnapped 18 years ago and almost then passing much of his time in search for his parents, a young man who has called himself Bert Raven for the last 12 years will come to Worcester this week from Grand Rapids, Ia., in the hope of learning who he really is.

He is acting on information of C. H. Lockwood, whom he met in the western city and who told him of a kidnapping here in 1904 under circumstances similar to those in Raven's case. The local police, however, do not recall any case of that nature which has not already been solved.

A contract for construction of the Columbia, a fast fresh fisherman, has been awarded A. D. Story of Essex, who is assembling material and expects to have the vessel ready for launching early next spring. This schooner was designed by Burgess & Payne of Boston and the owners are Capt. Ben Pine, M. J. Cooney and others of Gloucester, who would bring back to this country the international trophy won last month by the Canadian schooner Bluenose off Cape Ann. The Columbia is about 110 feet waterline and of approximately 117 tons.

DEATH FOR FOOD PIRATES

Bavarian Diet Would Impose Extreme Penalty Upon Guilty Persons.

Munich, Bavaria.—The death penalty for persons convicted of trafficking in food is demanded in a motion introduced by the middle parties in the Bavarian Diet. The Government also is urged to undertake immediate measures to forestall shipments of grain, meat and dairy products across the Bavarian frontier. Infractions of the proposed law would be punishable with death or confiscation.

BOOTLEGGING ALARMS CABINET

Fear Moral Sense of People Is Being Undermined.

Washington.—Ways and means of strengthening the hands of the government in its determination to enforce the prohibition laws is being discussed by the cabinet. The cabinet is expected to meet tomorrow.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

By JANE PORTER  
Condensation by  
Miss Sara Ware Bassett



Jane Porter, British novelist, published a long series of works during the years 1877 and 1880, but in the meantime, Jane Porter, whose intellectual power, though slower of development and its expression, was greater than her sister's, published her first work, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1853), which gained for her an immediate popularity. It was translated into several languages, and won for the author the election as canoness of the Pontifical order of St. Joachim.

Some years before the appearance of Scott's "Waverley," Jane Porter attempted the national romance in her "Scottish Chiefs." The story of Wallace had been a great favorite with her since childhood, and the poem of "Blind Harry" (Henry the Minstrel) was doubtless well known to her. The book lacked historical accuracy and she made the figure of Wallace a rather sentimental conception of the character, but the picturesque power of her story saved the story from oblivion. Miss Porter's later works include "The Pastor's Fireside," "Duke Christian of Lüneburg," "Coming Out," and "The Field of Forty Footsteps." She wrote in conjunction with her sister, "Tales Round a Winter Hearth." She wrote also some plays and made frequent contributions to current periodicals.

Miss Porter joined her brother in Russia for a time, but at his death she returned to England to reside with her eldest brother at Bristol, where she died on the 24th of May, 1856.

WITH the great war in which Poland has won her freedom still fresh in our memory, we reread with renewed interest the old-time classic, "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

The story takes place at that grim era of history when the little kingdom of Poland was attacked by Russia and Austria, and having been defeated under the leadership of Kosciuszko was forced to sign the ignominious treaty of partition that gave her territory to the conquerors and wiped her name from off the roll of free nations. From that date until this Poland, as an independent country, has not existed.

Jane Porter lived when the shadow of this cruel tragedy still darkened the world, and she peened her romance of "Thaddeus" only nine years after Kosciuszko had been taken captive and while he was the idol of the hour.

The noble house of Sobieski was intensely patriotic and its loyalty to the ruling monarch, Stanislaus, led not only the palatine but his grandson, Thaddeus, into the fray.

It was the young man's first glimpse of war and we see him and his grandfather setting forth to battle in the highest spirits. Before the boy leaves home his mother, the Countess Therese, presents him with a miniature of his father, whom he had previously supposed to be dead; and a letter from which he learns that his unknown parent was an Englishman named Sackville, who, while a guest at "Villanow," the Sobieski estate, married Therese and afterward deserted her. Since his mysterious disappearance nothing has ever been heard of him. In the meantime Thaddeus has been brought up under the name of Sobieski and has given his word never to assume any other.

The discovery that he is of English parentage is a happy one, for our hero's best friend Pembroke Somerset, is also an Englishman. While traveling through Russia for a holiday Pembroke, for the mere adventure of it, has been persuaded to take up arms against Poland; and would have perished miserably when wounded in battle had he not fallen into the hands of young Sobieski, who, from an impulse of pity, saves his life and takes him back to "Villanow." Here the stranger is welcomed with all kindness, and so winning is his personality that he speedily becomes a second son in the home.

When summoned to return to England he parts from his Polish hosts with keenest regrets and with the eager plea that when the war is over Thaddeus shall visit him in London.

That Poland will be the winner in the present struggle, and a victorious peace soon concluded when the friends shall be reunited, neither doubts. But no such fortunate result comes out of the war.

Instead, the Polish army is set upon at every point by superior numbers. One stronghold after another falls. Kosciuszko is taken prisoner; and at length, in order to prevent the slaughter of an entire people, the king surrenders and agrees to sign a treaty of partition.

It is a terrible day for Thaddeus Sobieski.

Wounded, he tries in vain to rally his followers. It is useless. The "usacks" rush forward in pursuit of the vanquished army, swarming after their prey. Thaddeus is compelled to retire

and as, with his few retainers, he retreats toward "Villanow," he comes upon the dead body of his grandfather, who has been killed in the combat. There is, however, scant time to mourn this overwhelming loss. Hurriedly young Sobieski presses on to his castle, where the women of his household are defenseless. Here he finds his mother wasted by illness, and even while he lingers to protect her she dies in his arms. Further delay is certain death. If he is to escape with his life he must flee. As he mounts his horse, and gallops away the foe storms the redoubts and puts the buildings to flame. No alternative now remains for him but to say farewell to his native land and, an exile, hasten his flight to England. All his property is gone. The riches the family possessed have been sacrificed to aid in equipping the Polish army. In consequence young Thaddeus leaves home carrying with him nothing but the few trinkets he chances to have upon his person.

One hope, however, cheers him in his loneliness and despair. He will soon be with Pembroke Somerset and no longer be friendless and alone. During the turmoil of the past few months he has mislaid Pembroke's address, to be sure; and in addition no letters from England have reached him, but these facts he explains away as a result of the chaos in which he has been living. It never occurs to him to doubt the loyalty or affection of the Englishman.

On reaching London Thaddeus goes at once to a hotel, planning to stay there only until he can discover the whereabouts of his friend, but on finding the charges beyond the scope of his meager purse he is forced to take cheaper lodgings with a kindly woman he encounters in the street. Fortunately, this worthy soul proves herself a true Samaritan for, on reaching her house Thaddeus, overcome by the strain through which he had passed, at once falls ill, and but for the care of his faithful nurse would have died. As it is he slowly recovers and, in order to meet the expenses of his sickness, is driven to pawn almost every treasure he owns. On the heels of this misfortune the child of Mrs. Robson, his good landlady, dies, and since she has no money to defray the bills of physician and undertaker, Thaddeus, or Mr. Constantine as he now styles himself, assumes them. In the meantime the refugee secures the address of Pembroke Somerset and writes him two letters; but, much to his grief, these are returned unanswered. He even meets his former comrade on the street and the Englishman passes him by. What choice has Sobieski but to believe Pembroke a fair weather friend who scorns his defeat and poverty, and has ceased to cherish any further regard for him?

The discovery is a cruel blow to his faith in humankind. Life now begins in deadly earnest for our hero. While he is still without money a beloved old general from the Polish army—a man whom he had pledged the king he would always befriend, comes to him in want and illness. Thaddeus takes him into his lodgings and tries to nurse him back to health. The young nobleman's financial condition is now desperate. He pawns what scanty possessions remain to him. But he must do more. He makes some drawings and sells them. Still he has not money enough to support himself and General Butzou.

It is just when he reaches the end of his resources that he meets Lady Timemouth, a rich Londoner, who becomes interested in him and suggests that he teach the languages to a group of her friends.

Thaddeus is glad to accept this means of earning a livelihood, but the result of the venture is not altogether fortunate, since two of his pupils at once fall in love with him and do not hesitate to tell him so. One is Lady Sam Ross, who already has a husband; and the other is the foolish and sentimental Euphemia Dundas. The forwardness and patronage of these women of fashion disgusts Mr. Constantine. Nevertheless he is penniless and cannot afford to cast aside the position. Hence it taxes all his wit to maintain his dignity and his honor as a gentleman.

Yet his path is not entirely without sunlight, for at the Dundas' residence he has the good fortune to meet Lady Mary Beaufort, a charming heiress, who is a cousin of Pembroke Somerset's, and as good as she is rich.

Of course Thaddeus falls deeply in love with her and she with him.

During his acquaintance with these many English people all of them have suspected that Mr. Constantine is something more than an impecunious teacher of languages and they try to make him reveal his identity. And he yielded to their wishes he would no longer have been without friends, for England is ringing not only with the fame of Kosciuszko but also with that of the brave and dauntless Sobieski. But Thaddeus is too modest to thus court recognition. He will stand upon his present merits or not at all.

Therefore when General Butzou dies and Mr. Constantine is unable to pay for his burial he is arrested for debt and borne away to Newgate.

Did ever hero endure such a chapter of calamities?

From his dilemma Mary Beaufort

Sowing and Reaping.

We sow a thought and reap an act; we sow an act and reap a habit; we sow a habit and reap a character; we sow a character and reap destiny.—Thackeray.

The Hardest Part.

Our own guess is that after conquering the world, Alexander died of rage while trying to collect the indemnity.—Birmingham (Ala.) News.

Might Be Either.

If he's married, you can't tell whether he smokes a pipe because he is an outdoor man or is an outdoor man because he smokes a pipe.—Exchange.

FEW BAREFOOT BOYS SEEN

Writer Recalling Joy of the Past Has Only Pity for the Modern Youth.

In the barefoot boy a vanishing institution in our cities? A traveling salesman sends this letter to the *Illustrated* (Mass.) *Gazette*:

"I make hundreds of towns and cities, selling my goods, and it strikes me that each year I see fewer and fewer barefoot boys. Of course there still are many, paddling about without shoes, particularly in the smaller towns. But I am wondering if the time is far off when the barefoot boy will be a curiosity to the big cities. You can travel miles now without seeing a lad with a stubbed toe bound up in a wad of cloth. When I was a boy a youngster wearing shoes and stockings in summer was so scarce that people when they saw one wondered what was wrong with him."

Many of the rest of us have noticed the gradual passing of the barefoot boy. City pavements are too hot for the unprotected foot. It is a big loss for the youth. How big a loss is known only to the grownup who in memory has the delightful recollection of bare feet paddling through duck August dust of a country road or wiggling deliciously in mud puddles and ruts after a rain. "Them were the days."

Another institution of which youth is being robbed in the cities is the alley.

Real estate is too valuable to waste on alleys. Blocks are being laid out smaller. The short garage drive from the curb has taken the place of the alley.

Oh, grievous loss! What would boyhood have been like years ago, without the alleys through which we explored gathering scrap iron and bones in a dirty old burlap bag for the junkman? High board fences were along those alleys, to keep youthful pirates out of orchards at the back of yards large enough to play a ball game in.

The alleys are passing. So are the tall back fences. So are the huge back yards. A garage and a strip of half-dead grass the size of a living-room rug are all that separate the typical modern city house from the neighbor on the street in the rear. Youth on the pavements, dodging the auto maniacs who curse them and wonder why parents don't keep their brats off the streets.

We grownups talk a lot about the discomforts of metropolitan congestion. But it is youth that is footling the lion's share of the bill. Another fifty years of "progress" and there will not be any such thing as boyhood in the cities. Babies will be handed radio outfits and other pacifiers when they begin wondering what's beyond the walls of the house. We're fortunate now, to be getting old.

Wood Tar Oil Uses.

The oils that are obtained from the distillation of wood tar can be used as substitutes in the place of various vegetable and mineral oils in much the same manner as the oil obtained from the distillation of coal tar and kerosene. However, in order to make the wood tar oils available for use in this manner it is necessary to treat them chemically so as to decalcify them and destroy their tendency to oxidize easily. Two processes for accomplishing this are described in *Science*, 1922, page 633. In both processes the oil fraction, recovered at 250 degrees C. is treated with caustic lime and air is blown through it at the same time until the oil will no longer absorb oxygen from the air. The water is then removed and the oil is distilled, yielding a product which is entirely free from acidity and which will no longer oxidize in the air. It is accordingly available for use as a lubricant.—*Scientific American*.

Expensive Appetite.

Following a recent raid near Jeffersonville, at which a 25-gallon still was seized and brought into court, the alleged owner faced trial in the Jeffersonville city court. Several gallons of whiskey had been seized at the same time. The defendant asserted that he was making the liquor for his own consumption. Asked how much he required, he replied: "Two gallons a week." The chief of police made a hasty calculation. "That would be 19 drinks a day," he whispered to the prosecuting attorney, "and big ones at that." Apart from regarding this an expensive luxury in these days, court attaches believed that the man who attempted the feat would be in the hospital about the third day and in the grave at the end of the week.—*Indianapolis News*.

Maple Sugar Long Known.

In the days of Napoleon's wars maple sugar had been made for some time in Bohemia, the government encouraging its manufacture. However, it soon died out there, for the sugar beet came into prominence. The earliest explorers in America found the Indians making sugar from the sap of the huge maple trees that stood in companies and brigades in the ancient forests and nobody can tell when they began it.

Plural of Two.

In modern usage the preferred plural of the word "two" is "twos"; see Charles Kingsley (1835)—"They would lodge by twos and threes in the lonely farmhouse." The form "twos" occurs in the folio edition of Shakespeare's "Winter Tale," act 1, scene 2 (1611)—"By twos and threes."

Beginning of English Literature.

English literature may be said to have begun with Chaucer, about the middle of the fourteenth century. There were works written earlier than that, but they are in a language so different from modern English that they cannot be read without a glossary.

EARLY HISTORY OF DETROIT

Interesting Now to Read of Fort Erected for Protection of Citizens Against Indians.

For nearly twenty years following the American occupation of Detroit in 1790 the Indians of the Saginaw valley harassed the citizens by threatening attacks upon the town, and by stealing their cattle from the public common through which Washington boulevard was afterward surveyed. Fort Shelby, which then centered about the present site of the post office, did not intimidate the Indians from invasions of the common, so a circular earthwork fort was constructed just east of where High and Park boulevard now converge for additional protection. The work was performed by soldiers from the fort during the year 1807.

When finished this fort inclosed a circular space of half an acre. The walls were ten feet high, with an inside parapet half way up. It was surrounded by a broad ditch about six feet deep, which the swampy ground kept filled with water. For several years a small detail of soldiers went out from Fort Shelby to this post to stand guard against cattle thieves, but nothing ever happened, so the inhabitants called it Fort Nonpareil. Years later Rev. George Duffell, D. D., bought the land and built his residence on the Woodward avenue front. Streets were laid out on each side of this lot. That on the south side was named George street and that on the north, Duffell street. The old fort was razed and graded level. For some reason George street was renamed High street.—*Detroit News*.

SNOW HOUSE NEEDS CARE

Constant Changes Necessary in Roof to Keep Interior Heat as It Should Be.

The Eskimo makes constant changes in the thickness of the roof of his snow house, or igloo, to keep its interior heat uniform.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, tells about a snow hut built at 60 degrees below zero. Each block of snow used in its construction was necessarily of the same temperature and contained what might be wrongly termed a great deal of "latent cold." To neutralize this cold it was necessary to keep the inside of the hut for a considerable time at a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Snow is so nearly a non-conductor of heat that, once the "latent cold" had been neutralized, the heat of human bodies alone kept the temperature well above the freezing point, even when a hole in the roof was open for ventilation. Sometimes when the heat rose too high the roof would begin to melt. Then the roof had to be shaved on the outside anywhere from two to four inches thinner so that the cold from the outside would penetrate the snow blocks.

Used Up.

A naval officer in Washington who has had much experience in the Arctic exploring line was once giving an account of his stay amid ice fields.

"We certainly would have traveled much further," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical moment."

"But," exclaimed a woman who had been listening very intently, "I thought that the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures."

The officer's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied: "I speak in a culinary sense, madam."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Vastly Different.

A member of an athletic club, after swimming the length of the large tank in the basement of the institution, came out pulling and blowing, apparently exhausted.

"You don't manage your breathing right," said the swimming instructor, "it ought not to tire you so. As to the upper part of your body, including your arms, you use exactly the same muscles, and in very much the same way, in swimming as in sawing wood." "No, sir!" gasped the swimmer. "When it comes to sawing wood, I use the muscles of some other man."—*Exchange*.

Buffaloes Multiply Fast.

According to a recent census buffaloes at the Federal game park at Wainwright, Alberta, have increased in such numbers that the government officials state that the vast tract of land set aside for their use is insufficient to accommodate them. An order has gone forth that a number of the older animals are to be slaughtered and carcasses to be sold to northern trading companies to be converted into pemmican, which is considered a great delicacy in the vicinity of the Arctic. The Dominion government will retain the hides.

Counter for Golfers.

An instrument designed to keep an accurate account of the strokes made between holes, and worn like a wrist watch, is a novel appliance for the golf enthusiast, and is described with illustration in the *Popular Mechanics Magazine*. On the dial of the instrument is a small pointer which is moved after each stroke.

A Hard Winter Coming.

An Indianapolis young man asked a girl to marry him, one beautiful night this last summer, when everything seemed bright for him. The first cold day this month the young man wrote the following note to his betrothed:

"Dear: Postpone wedding until next summer. Winter is coming, no coal, no new clothes, no raise in salary and lots of bills coming in."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

"THE PRISON POET"

WILLO wrote this poem? Judge John W. Willis of St. Paul, Minn., turned to his secretary one day early in 1910 and, pointing to a verse which appeared in an issue of the paper published by the prisoners of the St. Paul penitentiary, bade the other read what he termed "one of the best bits of poetry I have come across in many a day"—a fragment of which ran:

Haggard faces and trembling knees,  
Eyes that shine with a weeping's gate;  
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,  
Murderous hearts that darkly wait.  
These were they who were men of late,  
Fit to hold a plough or a sword.  
If a prayer this wall will penetrate,  
Have pity on these, my comrades, Lord!

Interested in the psychology which could give birth to such lines written behind the bars of a penitentiary, Judge Willis made a point of visiting the prison, where he found a man entered upon the prison books as "John Carter, age 24," but who admitted that both the name and age were false. When questioned as to his true name he would only reply: "I have too much pride to allow that to be known" and, with respect to his age, he merely pointed to his gray hairs and smiled.

Carter had been sentenced to ten years in prison for burglary, but when Judge Willis commenced to investigate his case, he found that the man had had nothing to eat for two days prior to his crime, and that he had broken into a railway restaurant with the sole idea of obtaining enough food to save himself from starvation, after being thrown from a freight train while trying to beat his way from Winnipeg to St. Paul.

Shortly after entering the prison "Carter" had commenced to play the organ in a manner which attracted the instant attention of a music teacher in St. Paul, who declared that he possessed exceptional ability, and he also contributed a number of poems to the prison paper—poems which had not only led Judge Willis but a number of soldiers throughout the country to an appreciation of the genius of this convict-author. His "Ballad of Alchemy and Iron," which was widely quoted in various sections of the United States and Canada at the time, and of which the verse above forms a part, concludes with the remarkable stanza:

Poets sing of life at the lees  
In tender verses and delicate  
Of tears and manifold agonies.  
Little they know of what they prate.  
Out of this silence passionate  
Sounds a deeper, a wilder chord.  
If song be heard through the narrow  
Have pity on these, my comrades, Lord!

But, as Judge Willis found, "Carter" was not a man who whined or complained. He admitted his crime and declared that the law had sentenced him justly, and that he was perfectly willing to work out the remaining half of his term. A movement for pardon was instituted, however, and, within a year, the prison gates opened and "John Carter" was once more a free man. As he stepped out the warden asked if he would not write something descriptive of the way he felt. "Carter" hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Lead me back to my cell. I must have the iron bars in front of me." A few moments later he stepped out, a poem completed, the final lines of which read:

Unrest it seems,  
Half ecstasy, half weariness and pain;  
For so I feel this haven of my dreams  
Shall vanish and the storm come back again."

"Who are you?" asked one of the group of reporters who had gathered to witness the release of the prison poet. But, Carter, his face grim, his eyes fixed firmly on the world which he was viewing for the first time in five years, answered:

"That is my secret. Possibly you may hear from me in the future."

It is more than possible that the world has heard from him, for genius such as that of Carter's cannot be hidden by a pseudonym any more than it can be confined by the walls of a prison.

The Sort He Needed.

Ann Starch, a well-known resident of a certain town in the South, was burdened with the support of a worthless husband.

One Monday morning she appeared at the drug shop and asked the clerk for a "right powerful liniment fo' achin' in de bones."

"You might try some of this, annie," said the clerk. "It's an old and popular remedy. Cures cuts, bruises, aches and sprains. One dollar a bottle. Good for man and beast."

Annie looked dubiously at the dollar bottle and then at her fat purse. "Ah! 'e' yo' got some fo' 50 cents—some fo' 'est yo' bests? I wants it fo' mah ole man."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Alarming Thought.

"I noticed you 'hit the sawdust trail' last night at the revival."

"Yes," said Mr. Ribbles.

"But you hesitated when you got about halfway to the preacher."

"I had discovered that the man ahead of me was my favorite bootlegger. If I backslide and he doesn't I'll have the dickens of a time finding another reliable distributor."

Fate From Mineral Oils.

Mineral oils are mixed gradually with filled soap, that is, soap in which the glycerine and lye have been left behind, or with curd soap at temperatures in excess of 190 degrees C. About 5 to 10 per cent of glycerine is also added. The product is a solid fat. The process is patented in Austrian patent No. 85000.—*Scientific American*.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

WHO KILLED RUDOLF OF AUSTRIA?

THE proverbial "luck of the Irish" is a synonym for ill fortune rather than good—manifested itself in a number of ways during the long reign of Franz-Josef, late emperor of Austria-Hungary, but none of the occurrences were more startling or mysterious than those connected with the sudden death of Rudolf, crown prince of the realm and favorite son of Franz-Josef.

Married to the Princess Stephanie, daughter of Leopold II, king of the Belgians, Rudolf was far from happy in his marital relations, and comparatively short time had elapsed after his marriage when he attempted to induce his wife to secure a divorce in order that he might marry Maria Vetsera, a beautiful young baroness with whom he was wildly in love. Franz-Josef, however, sternly forbade all thought of divorce and, Rudolf announced that he was prepared to renounce all his title and marry the Baroness Vetsera in spite of parental objections. This was recalled vividly when, only a few months later, there occurred the "Meyerling tragedy."

Late in January, 1909, Rudolf stayed a gay house party at the castle of Meyerling, some twelve miles from Vienna. Among the guests was the Baroness Maria Vetsera and gossip concerning her affair with the crown prince ran high, finally breaking with a clash when, on the morning of January 30, Rudolf's valet entered his master's bed chamber and found the crown prince dead and, beside him, the body of the beautiful baroness.

The first official report stated that the crown prince had died of apoplexy but, as his rugged physique and exceptional health were well known throughout the court circles of Europe, this statement was received with a smile and much shrugging of shoulders. Following this there came a flood of rumors and supposedly "authentic" accounts of the tragedy, some of which stated that the baroness had killed herself in despair, and that Rudolf had committed suicide when he found her body, others telling of an alleged suicide pact between the lovers and still others hinting at complicity on the part of certain court officials who had been instructed to put a stop to the intimacy between the baroness and the crown prince "at any cost."

A fourth story, which gained considerable credence on the continent, was connected with a former fiancée of the baroness, whom she had discarded in favor of Prince Rudolf. This personage, whose name was freely mentioned, was known to have been in the vicinity of Meyerling castle on the night of the tragedy, and the report was that he had secured admittance to the apartments of the prince by bribing several of the servants, and had shot both Rudolf and the baroness, making his escape before the double murder was discovered.

Still another angle to the whole affair appeared several years later when the former crown prince and the baroness were reported to have been seen in the United States, and it was freely hinted that news of their deaths had been given to the world in order to cover a scandal which would have shaken the throne of Austria and imperiled the friendship then existing between that country and Belgium. That this version of the tragedy is not as wild as it appears is evident from the fact that one of the foremost encyclopedias states that the crown prince "is believed to have died, probably by his own hand, at the Castle Meyerling."

But the entire affair—whether double murder, a suicide pact or an attempt to cover a scandal—is only one of the many tragedies which made their appearance during the reign of Franz-Joseph, tragedies which included his unhappy marriage with the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria; the execution of his brother, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico; the mysterious disappearance of the Grand Duke Johann Salvator; the murder of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva and the assassination of the heir to the throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife, the final tragedy which led to the greatest of all—the World war and the subsequent partition of the kingdom.

No Preacher Shortage.

Stevens county has a small but rather remarkable colored settlement. It was founded in the early eighties. Nearly every family lives in its own homestead. Their crops of maize, broomcorn and watermelons never fail in this favored district. Many of them are in independent circumstances.

"How many families have you in the settlement, uncle?" we asked a venerable old member of the race.

"Why, nephew," he replied, "there are summas about 60."

"You must have a hard time getting preachers," we again ventured, having in mind the racial love of religious exercise.

"Deed we has, sah. There is only about 20 preachers regular."—*Hugoton Hermes*.

A Monologist.

"Would you call Mrs. Gowitz a good conversationalist?"

"Yes, and no. She makes you think of a lot of good things to say, but she talks so incessantly you don't get a chance to say them."

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## WATER

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## AS TO DIVISION OF LABOR

With Changing Circumstances, Generally Accepted Definition Has Undergone Many Changes.

The division of labor is one of the principles evolved from the study of political economy, or economics, and is based on the claim that industry can best be carried on when each man has a special work to do. Constant practice in doing the same thing leads to a perfection which could not otherwise be attained. Though the name of Adam Smith (1723-1790), author of "The Wealth of Nations," has been closely associated with the principle of the division of labor, the importance of it has been recognized before, notably by Plato (427-347 B. C.), in his "Republic," and by Adam Ferguson (1723-1816) in his "History of Civil Society." In modern industry very little is due to the direct operation of the human hand; almost everything is done by a machine. The development of steam and electricity as the motive power both of production and exchange, has along with the parallel development of machinery completely revolutionized the conditions of industry; necessitating a division of labor on a far wider basis than that contemplated by Adam Smith. At the present day it is not a mere question of personal adaptation, but of local, national and international fitness and specialization for carrying on different forms of industry. Division of labor has become only a factor in the wider problem of the organization of labor, necessary to the success of every great industrial undertaking.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## WRITER'S NAME WILL LIVE

Superficial Critics Have Misjudged the Work Given to the World by Sir Walter Raleigh.

It is something of a paradox that the last work of Sir Walter Raleigh, "The War in the Air," should have been the history of a great modern adventure, written upon a large scale. To those who knew Raleigh, whose death a vast number of friends and disciples are deploring, only by his works, he may have seemed somewhat detached from the life about him, and intent upon the niceties and elegances of style.

The most of his books deal with the past, in which the superficial critic might think Raleigh was finding an escape from reality. The superficial critic of course would have been wrong.

Like all good writers, Raleigh had an intense interest in all that was about him. Whatever he read he put always to the test of life, and thus found the best, the only commentary for the books which he loved full well.—From "Musings Without Method" in Blackwood's Magazine.

### Northcliffe as a Boy.

When Northcliffe, Alfred Harmsworth by name, was a young boy the family lived at St. John's Wood, next to a select seminary for girls of twelve to sixteen, and frequently the boys' ball would be knocked over the fence into the seminary garden, with ensuing remonstrance from the principal. Once when the ball came over the fence into the garden, the story goes, a graceful, dark-eyed girl of thirteen took possession of it, and when Harmsworth clambered after it she refused to give it up. Later Alfred literally dropped in and by a combination of tact and blarney not only got the ball but got the girl's confidence and promise to return the ball whenever it again came over into the garden. Tradition has it that six years later she became Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth.—Kansas City Star.

### Gold Found in Nova Scotia.

Consul McCunn at Yarmouth, N. S., says it is reported that rich gold-bearing quartz has been struck on property at Malaga Barrens, Queens county, in the Yarmouth consular district. The preliminary development was concluded recently, and quartz is now being taken out and crushed. It is also reported that a rich strike has been made in areas on the "South Rabbit" lead, Malaga Barrens, and that there have been eleven men employed on the workings since early spring. On July 28 a shot fired opened up a five-foot lead of quartz showing rich gold specimens.

### What Did He Get Them?

Benny, small son of a Montgomery county family, is at the age when instruction on etiquette seems necessary. Sunday, the family was invited out for dinner. While at the table, the hostess served Benny with a second piece of cake. On his uncommodified acceptance of the favor, he was admonished by his mother:

"Now, what do you say, Benny?"

Hastily gulping down the last fragment of the second slice, Benny replied, with difficulty:

"Not any more." — Indianapolis News.

## SEEKS MOTHER IN QUEST OF RICHES

Chicago Woman Hears of Mystery Note Given at Time of Her Adoption.

### BABY RING CLUE TO IDENTITY

Begins Search for Foster Mother Who Holds Missing Letter and Key to Whole Situation—Given Good Education.

Folk, here's one of life's little tragedies. It's a true story. Do you know of anything stranger in fiction?

Chicago.—Mrs. Franklin H. Cobb, wife of an advertising man living in Oak Park, has set wheels in motion in an effort to trace back through 20 years the mystery of her birth—in the hope of finding a fortune at the other end of the trail.

"A sealed letter was delivered to your foster mother when you were adopted by her at the age of eighteen months. You were to have received that letter on your eighteenth birthday," was the message Mrs. Cobb got from a girl friend in a little Kansas town which started her search.

And the only other evidence as to her paternity that Mrs. Cobb, a former actress, has in her possession, is a tiny baby ring engraved with what she is convinced is her real name—Pauline G. Lambert—and the date 1901.

Somewhere in California, she believes, is a woman who holds the missing letter and the key to the whole situation. She was her foster mother but she married again and Mrs. Cobb doesn't know her new name.

A tale of a varicolored childhood, always with a craving for a real mother and running a sad strain through high lights and lowlights, was told recently by Mrs. Cobb at her home, 820 North Taylor avenue, Oak Park.

When she was little more than a year old she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Payton, Pawnee Rock, Kan. Payton was kind to her and she lived as should the daughter of a man who owned a string of Kansas hotels, until she was eight years old, when Payton died.

Mrs. Payton, according to Mrs. Cobb, promptly sent her to a convent at Great Bend, Kan., where she stayed a year. Then Mrs. Payton married a second time, and sent the little girl to a school for girls at Beloit, Kan., while the foster-mother went to California with her second husband.

Given Good Education.

From the school she was sent two years later to be adopted by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wynt, 3123 Monticelli avenue, Kansas City, Mo. They were wealthy and gave her a splendid education—she studied music and dramatic art and after graduation went on the stage, playing important parts in musical comedy companies. Her stage name was Patricia Lambert.

Through the years her yearning for a real mother or at least the consolation of the story of her real parents had flamed and died. Then she met Cobb three years ago and they were married. Now they have a little child of their own. Again came the vague hope that some day the mystery of Mrs. Cobb's birth would be cleared—a hope built to new life by the message blinding at fortune, just received from Pawnee Rock.

"My big ambition now is to find Mrs. Payton, my old foster mother, and get from her the letter my real mother gave me," said Mrs. Cobb.

### THREW AWAY \$2,000 NOTES

Gang Foreman on Bridge Work Who Found Them Thought They Were Worthless.

Springfield, Mass.—Finding that he had thrown away unsigned national bank notes amounting to \$2,000, believing them to be worthless, William R. Soucia, foreman of a bridge construction gang, admitted that the joke was on him when he was informed that the notes were negotiable.

The bills were found tucked away in a bridge pier that was being razed and were part of a lot of \$10,000 believed to have been stolen while on route from Washington to banks in western Massachusetts. Soucia and two other workmen, noting that the bills were unsigned, amused themselves for several days by throwing them in the street and watching persons scramble for them. They were in denominations from \$5 to \$20.

### JAPAN EXPANDS AUTO "ARMY"

Plans New School for Branch of Service; Air Force Gets Bombing Corps.

Tokyo, Japan.—The war office has decided to establish a military automobile school and to expand at the same time the existing automobile corps into an automobile brigade. The expansion will be realized within the current year, while the construction of the automobile school will be completed by the end of next year.

It is also announced that the aviation corps will be expanded by the establishment of a bombing corps, consisting of a brigade.

### As a General Thing.

When one says "It is the unexpected that happens," he means something unpleasant.

### European Birds Visit Japan.

Some of the birds of eastern Europe travel as far as Japan for the winter.

## PEARL OWNERS JOLTED

Expert Says Japan Artificial Gems Defy Detection.

Statement Causes Consternation Among Owners of Valuable Strings in Paris—Discovery of Japanese Scientist.

Paris.—Owners in Paris of valuable strings of pearls have been thrown into something like consternation by the published opinion of Dr. Louis Houtan, professor of science at the University of Bordeaux and an expert in pearls, that he and other pearl experts are unable to distinguish between real pearls and those artificially grown by the Japanese.

The statement of Doctor Houtan, made at the French Academy of Sciences, removes the last hope concerning Japanese pearls, which have been grown in quantity since M. Mikimoto, the Japanese scientist, made his discovery.

Pearls normally are grown by accident, through a fine grain of sand entering the shell of the oyster. The white substance, called a pearl, grows inside the oyster and is a secretion caused by the effort of the shellfish to get rid of the foreign substance. Mikimoto conceived the idea of opening oysters and inserting the foreign substance, or grain of sand, that formerly came here accidentally.

Since Japanese began to grow pearls artificially, there has been much discussion as to whether these new pearls would affect the value of the accidentally grown pearls.

The only difference would appear to be in the pearl seed, or grain of sand, and now it is claimed by Doctor Houtan that even this difference cannot be detected.

The statement of Doctor Houtan is categorical: "If I did not have a certificate of origin when sections of pearls were shown me, pearls cut into sections for testing purposes, I would not be able to say which pearl is artificial."

### MEASURING LOAF OF BREAD



The first device to accurately measure a loaf of bread in cubic centimeters has been perfected by the bureau of agricultural economics of the Department of Agriculture. Flux-seed are used as the measuring medium, the displacement method being employed.

### TRADE RETURNS BEGGARS

Russian Beggars' Community, Back at Normalcy, Holds Feast When Off Duty.

Moscow, Russia.—The beggars of Moscow have been enjoying resumption of free trade under the soviet regime nearly as much as the profiteers and speculators. A year or so ago, when the government doled out everything to the aristocrat and the beggar alike—and money was of very little use, mendicants virtually disappeared. But with the reopening of trade they returned.

The professional beggars of Moscow are a happy lot when off duty. They congregate in vacant lots and corners of tumble-down buildings, where they gamble and hold their merry feasts. Tea is served regularly. Late in the day substantial food is served, the beggars paying the boss beggar in kind or with a few rubles. The boss beggar does not actually beg himself, his chief duties being to cook the food brought by the others and to carry it to and from their places of "work," some being unable to walk because of deformities.

### Aged Woman in County Home Made Own Wine

An eighty-one-year-old woman has lost her haven of refuge at the county old folks' home at Muskogee, Okla., because the authorities discovered a complete wine-making apparatus hidden under her bed, together with several quarts of the completed product. Officials refused to disclose her name, but said she had stolen the grapes from the county farm.

### Thought for the Day.

When some people get too old to furnish a bad example they turn to giving good advice.

### Travel Not Always Necessary.

To understand that the sky is blue everywhere, we need not go round the world.—Goethe.

## MAKE WAR ON "BABY TALK"

Cincinnati School Authorities Have Issued Special Appeal to Women's Clubs of the City.

An appeal has been made by the school authorities of Cincinnati to the mothers of that city to enlist in a war against "baby talk," and its effects on their children, and a special speaker has been appointed to carry this cause to the mothers' clubs.

While much of the talk with which fond mothers beguile their babies may sound very foolish to others, it seems to sound good to the baby, and while the claim that it makes stutters and causes other defects of speech may have some truth in it, the "baby talk" will bear comparison with much other talk heard by children.

While good speech is important, the matter is of more importance than the manner—in fact, good matter naturally tends to good manner in speech. It is at least quite as important that parents, fathers as well as mothers, are careful to select the right subject matter for talk before and to their children as that baby talk be eliminated.

Try, as they may, the teachers are likely to have a hard time anyway to convince many mothers that baby talk is not the proper language in which to address the baby, both as to subject matter and method of speech.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### ARMIES OF WOMEN WARRIORS

Amazonas, According to Ancient Writers, Were Fierce Fighters—Some Records of Their Deeds.

According to ancient writers, the Amazonas were a nation of female warriors, who allowed no men to live among them, but marched to battle under command of their queen. They held occasional intercourse with the men of neighboring states. If boys were born to them, they either sent them to their fathers or killed them. But the girls were brought up for war, and their breasts were burned off that they might not be prevented from bending the bow. From this custom they received the name of Amazonas, which is "breastless."

The Asiatic Amazonas are said to have at one time subdued the whole of Asia, and to have built Sinyras, the city recently captured and burned by the Turks, and other cities.

Other nations of Amazonas mentioned by the ancients were the Scythian Amazonas, who in aftertimes married among the neighboring Scythians, and the African Amazonas, who subdued the Gorgons and Atlantes, marched through Egypt and Arabia, and founded their capital on the Lake Tritonis, but were annihilated by Hercules.

### What Is Earth Like Inside?

Old ideas in regard to the high heat on the unknown inside of the earth may have to be revised, if the inconclusive evidence adduced by temperature tests in 107 deep wells in the United States by Dr. C. F. Van Orstrand, physical geologist of the United States Geological survey, should be confirmed by later investigations. According to this expert, the steady increase in temperature, so great that a miner could not live at a depth of one mile, appears to be less rapid a little beyond that depth. Combined with the fact that mathematicians have not yet found the law of distribution of temperature from the surface to the center of the earth, this makes uncertain the estimation of some scientists that the heat at the center is as high as 180,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Observations at a depth of about 7,500 feet have been taken, but Dr. Van Orstrand has not been able to carry his investigations further.—Science Service.

### Population on Farms.

The total farm population, which in the last census for the first time was enumerated separately from the rural population as a whole and therefore has no comparative figure in the preceding census, amounts to 61 per cent of the rural population, which includes residents of incorporated cities and villages having fewer than 2,500 inhabitants, unincorporated hamlets, mining regions, and other areas not devoted to agriculture. Thus, while the rural population constitutes nearly one-half of the country's total, only about three-tenths of its inhabitants are living on farms.

### Early Irish Monastery.

The site of one of the earliest Christian monasteries in Ireland has been found at Mahee Island, Strangford Lough, near Belfast. The ruins have been identified as those of Nendrum, monastery, mentioned in Mulcra's "Life of St. Patrick," written before 650 A. D.

Extensive excavations have been carried out and valuable material, including some stones with writing, the exact meaning of which has not yet been ascertained, have been unearthed. Some of the writings are believed to be of Danish origin.

### Simplicity.

Mrs. Casey was calling upon Mrs. Callahan, and soon the talk turned to the daughter of the latter, who had but recently returned from school in another town.

"There's a plain girl for ye," said Mrs. Callahan, "absolutely no airs, in spite of the fact that she has been at a finishing school. Nothing stuck up about Mary. She's unassuming to everybody and never keeps a girl waiting. No, Mrs. Casey, she just runs down, non de plume as she is!"—Exchange.

### True Independence.

It is not the greatness of a man's means that makes him independent, so much as the smallness of his wants.—Colbert.

### Sugar Fro. Tree's Sap.

"Sugar used to be made from a tree that looked like this:—

## ... AND THE GOLDEN ORB

Ancient People of Peru Made the Sun an Object of Particular Veneration.

The most complete system of sun worship was practiced by the ancient tribe of Incas of Peru, South America. Its existence was first discovered by the Spaniards who visited Peru in 1526. The Incas, chief of the Peruvian ruling house, claimed to be children of the sun and the sun's representatives on earth.

The government was a despotic Ner-craze of which the Inca was both high priest and king.

In Cuzco, the capital, stood the wonderful temple of the sun, in which all the implements were of solid gold. On the west end of the interior was a representation of the sun's disk and rays in the same precious metal, so placed that the rising sun, shining in at the open east end, fell full upon the image, and was reflected with dazzling splendor. In the plaza, or square of the temple, a great annual festival was held during the summer solstice. Huge multitudes assembled from all parts of the empire, and, presided over by the Inca, awaited in breathless solemnity the first rays of their deity to strike the golden image in the temple, when they immediately prostrated themselves in adoration.

Sacrifices, similar to those of the Jews, were offered on the occasion, and bread and wine were partaken of in a manner strikingly resembling the Christian sacrament.

The Inca was the spouse of the sun, the planet Venus was his page, The Pleiades, and the remarkable constellation of the Southern Cross were also worshipped as servants of the sun. Fire, air and earth were adored, but in a lesser degree. The lightning and the rainbow were also worshipped as servants of the sun, in fact all nature was enmeshed in the wonderful religion of the early and now extinct Incas. Their wealth and glory is departed and they live only in history and in the wonderful carved memorials they left behind for modern savants to study.

### Chicago Gets Prehistoric Monster.

Eight million years ago a dinosaur crawled into a depression in a torrid equatorial belt in Alberta, Can., and died.

For eight million years his grave was unvisited. His kind became extinct, glaciers swept down, mountains formed over his resting place.

When the old dinosaur—50 feet long and 30 tons in weight—died the equator was due north of Chicago and the Mississippi waterways was an actuality, with the Gulf of Mexico stretching to the North pole, scientists say.

Recently, however, the elements had so worn down the mountain near Red Deer river, 125 miles west of Calgary, that the last layer of soil was swept away and the dinosaur bones were bared.

Prof. E. S. Riggs, associate curator of geology for the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, with five companions, stumbled across the huge bones. Now they'll go to the Field museum to be stared at by city folks.

Getting out the dinosaur bones—many of which weighed 2,500 pounds or more—was a tremendous task. It was necessary to build roads in some places.

### Colors in the Fall.

A desirable tree for brilliant fall color is the sour gum or tupelo. This makes a large almost round-headed tree with very dark green foliage in the summer and brilliant red leaves in the autumn. Even as early as August there may be a few scattered leaves that change color, giving promise of the brilliancy that is to follow. The tree is common in New England and the northern and eastern states.

The scarlet oak is even brighter than the red oak in its fall colors and is equally as brilliant as the gums, says the American Forestry Magazine. Its foliage being more finely divided than that of the red oak gives it a lighter, more airy appearance, while the red of its leaves is most emphatic. It is widely distributed throughout the eastern half of the country.

In marked contrast to the brilliant reds of some trees in the fall is the yellow of the sugar or hard maple. This is a native of gravelly and other well-drained soils of the northern states and southward in and near the mountains. It reaches its greatest perfection in western New England, New York, Ohio and Kentucky.

### With a Provision.

Mary had been frightened by a large dog barking at her while she was walking with her mother. From that time all dogs that approached within a few feet of her caused her to cry and run to her parents for protection.

A few evenings ago some friends called at the house, bringing with them a puppy. Like all dogs of that age, he was playful, cute, and friendly. Mary, safe in her mother's lap, gazed at the puppy for a moment as he stood looking at her, and then said, "Don't bark, doggie, 'n' I like you."

### In Cages, Not in Demand.

Buddy, age three, was making his daily call, when Mr. H— asked him whether he was going to work in his father's grocery store and whether he was going to cut the meat or put the sugar in packages.

Buddy said that he intended to help the butcher by cutting up the chickens. He was asked whether chickens were in demand.

The little caller then answered very quickly that the chickens were not in demand but that they were in hand of the store in cages.

### First Army With Iron Weapons.

The Assyrians were the first to equip an army with iron weapons.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIL

## HAVEN FOR MICE

Small Rodents Said to Infest New York's Skyscrapers.

According to Truthful Janitors They Burrow Into Steel and Concrete, and Establish Homes.

A stenographer on the third floor of a downtown office building recently aroused considerable comment by climbing on top of her desk and waving her arms around in the air and crying loudly for someone to save her. She had seen a mouse. Now, mice do turn up in odd places in New York, everybody knows, remarks the Sun of that city.

It is of recent newspaper record that one came out of the stony walls of the aquarium and fell into the shark tank and another mouse is reported as emerging inside the Statue of Liberty, up near the top, and looking at a party of school teachers and starting a disturbance in which several of the teachers were badly shaken up.

"Mice!" exclaimed the head janitor of a steel and concrete skyscraper. "Is that the first mouse you ever saw round this joint? Listen, I bring five cats to this place so far, and I been on this job just three weeks."

"Yes?" replied the investigator.

"And how have they come out?"

"You mean how have they gone out. You never saw cats go out of a place so fast. They takes one look around and blow. When a mouse gets just so competent, you know, a cat doesn't eat him any more—he eats the cat."

Another building was investigated, one of the oldest banks on Wall street, a structure of terra cotta, tile and marble and skeleton steel, and from basement to top floor library, the janitor says, it is one grand cheese.

That janitor has tried everything. He says he began with traps; but gave them up. Then he turned to professional exterminators. Every week they would come and kill all the mice in the building. Every week he grew tired of having them around after a while and bought a high-priced cat. He still keeps the cat, but it is more for sentimental reasons than anything else. He likes to have something around to pet.

Still further investigation brought to light an incident which happened on the twenty-eighth floor of a Forty-second street skyscraper. The woman in charge of a roomful of girl filing clerks looked up to find her force suddenly begin to conduct itself in a way she never approves under any circumstances.

Three girls began to walk upon the tops of their desks. Three more shined up the sides of filing cabinets. Another girl stood in a waste basket and called for the police. And the rest cruised about the office in a riotous manner.

The department head looked upon all this as a breach of discipline. She arose and went down into the heart of the riot, intending to say so. But arriving there she changed her mind. She let out a whoop which traveled half way across Manhattan island, and picked up her skirts and fled.

A mouse had come out of the fresh-air shaft looking for a cat.

### Island Religious Shrine.

Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, ten miles off the mainland of New Hampshire, has been dedicated exclusively to religious service for 120 years. On its rocky summit is a small graystone church which was built in the year 1800. This has been used ever since as a place of worship, first by fishermen's mothers, sisters and sweethearts who prayed for the safe return of their loved ones. During the last 20 years it has been a shrine for Unitarians and Congregationalists.

At ten o'clock each night long lines of men and women, carrying small lanterns, wind their way thither and a churchful at a time, hang their lanterns on the walls, and bow their heads in prayer or raise their voices in appropriate hymns.

### But Not His Perfumery.

Bobby, a five-year-old citizen of Irvington, had been suffering from quinsy and the specialist found it necessary to give the lad ether when he lanced his throat, says the Indianapolis News. As soon as Bobby had sufficiently recovered, plans were made to have the offending tonsils removed. In order to smooth the way, Bobby's mother said:

"Now, Bobby, the same kind doctor who took away the pain from your throat last week is coming again to remove your tonsils, so that you will never have another sore throat. You liked the doctor, didn't you?"

After a short pause, during which Bobby's face showed signs of unpleasant reflection, he answered:

"Yes, I liked the doctor all right, but I didn't like his perfumery."

### Palladium and Platinum.

In the investigation of methods for assaying platinum, conducted by the bureau of mines, recent experiments have developed that with certain ores, especially when the quantity of platinum is considerable, nitric acid will not effect a separation of platinum and palladium. A method which has been found to be accurate and to result in a complete separation of these metals is described in Serial 2351, "Separation of palladium and platinum by means of dimethylglyoxime," obtainable from the bureau of mines, Washington, D. C.—Scientific American.

### An Arkansas Puzzle.

Jim Hodson says that as long as he has been chicken peddling that he has never learned why that a chicken makes two scratches with one foot and one scratch with the other and it reverses feet next time.—Plain correspondence Magnolia News.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of Benjamin C. Sherman and Charles W. Faulkner

Mr. Benjamin C. Sherman, one of the town's oldest residents, died at his home on the East Main Road Sunday morning. He was a son of Benjamin Clarke and Waite Hall Sherman, and was 82 years old, being the oldest of seven children, all of whom are deceased, with the exception of Abby, widow of Edwin Manchester, who resides in Newport. When a young man he married Abby Almy, and to them were born six children: Frank, who lives at home; Ellen, wife of William K. Boyd; Olive, who died in infancy; Senator Arthur A. Sherman; Benjamin, who died a number of years ago; and Fanny, wife of Lewis Darling of Philadelphia. His survivors by his widow, four children and six grandchildren. The funeral was held at his home on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Sherman was Representative from this town for two years, and was a member of the Friends' Church, Portsmouth Grange, and the Newport County Agricultural Society.

Charles W. Faulkner

Mr. Charles W. Faulkner died at the home of his brother, Mr. Frank G. Faulkner, after a short illness. He was in his 67th year and was the son of William Henry and Mary Ann Faulkner, and was one of six children, of whom Edward Faulkner of this town, George of New Bedford and Frank, a mail carrier of this town, survive him. He married Emma Anthony, daughter of the late Asa and Mary W. Anthony, who died a number of years ago. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Harwood Smith, and a grandson of Pittsburgh. Mr. Faulkner conducted a large meat market in this town for a number of years.

The funeral services were held at St. Paul's Church, Rev. Charles J. Harriman officiating. The interment was in the Portsmouth cemetery, beside his wife.

St. Paul's Guild held an all day meeting on Tuesday at the parish house, to complete work for a Christmas sale.

Mr. O. Woodman Chase is suffering from a painful accident, in which his wrist was broken while he was cranking a truck for Mr. Frank Paquin. Mr. Chase has been employed for twenty years as a mail carrier on the rural delivery routes, and this is the first time that he has been unable to perform his duties from physical disability. Mrs. Chase is recovering from a sprained ankle which she sustained last week.

Mrs. Isaac Gray was recently given a surprise party in honor of her birthday, with a large number of guests present. The affair was arranged by her daughters, Mrs. Charles W. Anthony and Miss Louise Gray. Sandwiches, coffee, ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Gray was presented by the members of her family with an electric vacuum cleaner.

At a recent meeting of Sarah Rehoboth Lodge, No. 4, L. O. O. F., the recording secretary, Mrs. Jasper C. Mitchell, was presented by the Noble Grand, Mrs. Sarah C. A. Peckham with a beautiful linen tablecloth from the officers of the lodge and members of the sewing society. Mrs. Mitchell was formerly Miss Mary E. Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Anthony have had as guests the past week Mrs. Harwood Smith and her son of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The roast chicken supper which was given by the Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the new parish house, was well attended. An excellent supper was served, after which an entertainment of readings and musical selections was enjoyed. Mr. Fred P. Webber was at his best in the selections which he gave, and was much appreciated. Aprons and fancy articles were on sale.

Mr. Henry DeMowbray of New York has been guest recently of Mrs. Ida F. Grinnell and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop. Mr. DeMowbray was a resident of this town for a number of years and made his home with Mrs. Grinnell and her late husband, Mr. A. Fremont Grinnell.

The weekly meeting of the Orpheus Club was held at the Methodist Episcopal parish house.

Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Souza spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mrs. Souza's parents in Providence.

Mrs. Charles G. Clarke has returned to her home on Turnpike avenue, after a visit in Providence with her aunt, Mrs. Annie C. Brown, who has been ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Elliott and daughter Barbara spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mrs. Elliott's sister, Mrs. John Aubrey Johnson and Mrs. Johnson at their home in Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sisson have rented the upper tenement of the old Chase homestead and will soon take up their residence there. Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Carter and family occupy the lower tenement.

Mr. and Mrs. James Austin Peckham of Wellesley arrived on Wednesday at the home of Mr. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham, for the remainder of the week.

Frank Nunes, Jr., of Middletown, was gored and seriously injured by his bull at his farm on Wyatt Road on Thursday afternoon. He is suffering from two broken ribs and from several serious cuts from the bull's horns. He had a narrow escape from death, but is expected to recover.

Former President Wilson says that the election in 1924 will result in a "glorious victory for the Democratic party." Perhaps the ex-President has visions of again occupying the White House.

They Use Butterflies as Food. Butterflies, which are very prolific in Australia, are suffocated in millions by the aborigines, and separated from their wings, pressed into cakes and eaten.

## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., June 15th A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 10121 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of May, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court November 2nd, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1922, in favor of the City of Providence, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court October 15th, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1922, in favor of the Providence Brewing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having its office and place of business in Providence, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, of the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 9 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan, has had on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1921, at 12 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on Prospect Hill street; Easterly on lands now or formerly of John S. Langley, et al., and others; Southernly on Franklin street; and Westerly on lands now or formerly of the late Joseph M. Haumelt; formerly the premises of Nathaniel Langley, deceased, and now the premises of Dennis Shanahan and Patrick H. Horgan. Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., September 21, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 25th day of September, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., September 24, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 5th day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., October 5, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., October 12, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., October 28, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Twenty-eighth day of November, A. D. 1922, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., November 25, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

Dec. 2

Jan. 27

VAIL MEDAL AWARDS FOR 1921

Gold Medal, with Cash Award of \$500—Byron Ernest Thady, Night Switchboard Man, The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Pueblo, Colorado.

Silver Medals, with Cash Award of \$250—Lillian Elizabeth Barry, Supervisor, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Anna Regine Murphy, Chief Operator, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

Otis Payne, Lineman, Indiana Bell Telephone Company, Washington, Indiana.

Mrs. Josephine D. Pryor, Chief Operator, The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, Pueblo, Colorado.

Robert W. Taylor, Foreman, Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company, Winona, Mississippi.

Verda Ray Townley, Manager, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, Freeport, Texas.

Alphonse Veno, Repairman, Wisconsin Telephone Company, Ashland, Wisconsin.

Kesiah Elizabeth Weeks, Night Operator-in-charge, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Hatboro, Pennsylvania.

Etta Willcox, Night Operator, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, Williams, Iowa.

STILL COUNTING BALLOTS

The State Returning Board are still engaged in counting the ballots cast at the election November 7. They have made no changes from the report previously made. The election is nearly a month past and only 57 of the 194 voting districts of the state have been canvassed. The Board will have to get a little more rapid move on or they will not get through their work in season for the elected members to take their seats on January 2, when the new state government is organized.

Training a Child.

The best way to teach a child to be honest is by always telling him the truth. Encourage him to do likewise and let him see that you are living up to your responsibilities.

Moral Traffic Rule.

When you meet temptation always turn to the right.—Boston Evening Transcript.

## Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Aug 25th, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 10231 issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court October 15th, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of July, A. D. 1922, in favor of the Providence Brewing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having its office and place of business in Providence, plaintiff, and against Samuel Melrovitz, alias Samuel Melrovitz, alias John Doe of Newport in Newport County, defendant, I have this day at 7 o'clock P. M. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Samuel Melrovitz alias John Doe, has had on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1922, at 3 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots and parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows: Southernly on Van Zandt avenue fifty (50) feet, Westerly on land of Eliza B. Barker one hundred (100) feet, northerly on land now or formerly of Matthew Butler fifty (50) feet, and easterly on land of William O'Neill one hundred (100) feet or however otherwise bounded or described. Being the same premises conveyed to this grantor, Samuel Melrovitz, by deed from Edward J. State and others, bearing date of August 30th, A. D. 1912, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said Newport.

Also another tract or parcel of land located in said Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: North on Van Zandt avenue one hundred feet and forty-five hundredths feet (100.45), East on Hall avenue fifty-one and five-tenths (51.5), South by land now or formerly of Jeremiah and Mary Murphy, one hundred and sixty-five hundredths (100.65) feet and west on land formerly of Herbert C. Tiley, fifty-one feet or however otherwise bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 2nd day of December, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,

Deputy Sheriff.

11-4-4t

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, R. I., Oct. 23, A. D. 1922.

WHEREAS, Mae Dickhaut, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Mae Dickhaut and William P. Dickhaut, now in parts to the said Mae Dickhaut unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said William P. Dickhaut of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be held at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the fourth day of December, A. D. 1922, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY,

Clerk.

10-25-6t

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

Estate of Feliciano Pietropluto Caputo,

also known as Feliciano Caputi,

NOTICE is hereby given that Vincento Caputi has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Feliciano Pietropluto Caputo, also known as Feliciano Caputi, of full age of said Caputi.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning December 2nd, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,

Clerk.

November 21th, 1922.

## NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Huck Finn—the Original.

Huckleberry Finn was drawn from real life. Barney Farthing, the original of Mark Twain's most famous characters, died a pauper in 1917, in an almshouse not far from where he and Mark Twain were schoolfellows.

Thoughts After Forty.

I am convinced that a man is more romantic than woman. A man will weave a little romance from a hairpin he sees on the sidewalk. Does a woman pay any attention to a cigar butt? —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lights.

According to an English scientist, candles and oil and gas lamps transform only two per cent of energy into light, incandescent electric lamps three per cent, arc lights ten per cent, and the magnesium light fifteen per cent.

Tea Drinking.

Perhaps the quaintest form of tea drinking is that practiced by the savage tribe in Tartary, in Central Asia. The leaves are first boiled in soda, then seasoned with butter and salt and then eaten.

Lew's Leafy Farm Products.

Look for the states in the green color of Lew's products.



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New styles in medium weight shoes, suitable for fall wear

One strap pumps and oxfords for women

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School shoes that combine good looks and sturdy wear

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Large, Comfortable State Rooms Orchestra on each Steamer

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Save in cost of Paint for painting your House, by using

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JONES paid \$49 for 14 Gallons of "ready for use" Mixed PAINT—SMITH made 14 Gallons of the Best Pure Paint for \$34.60, by buying 8 Gals. L & M Semi-Paste Paint and 6 Gals. Linseed Oil to mix into it.

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